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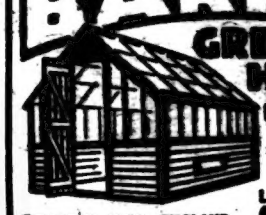

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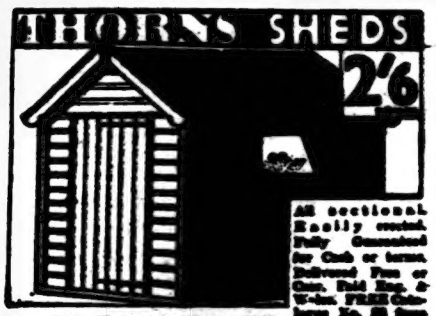

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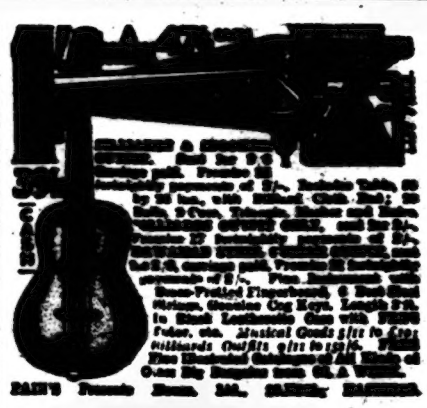

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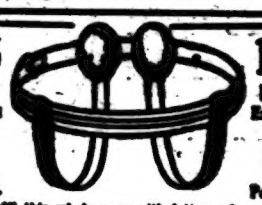

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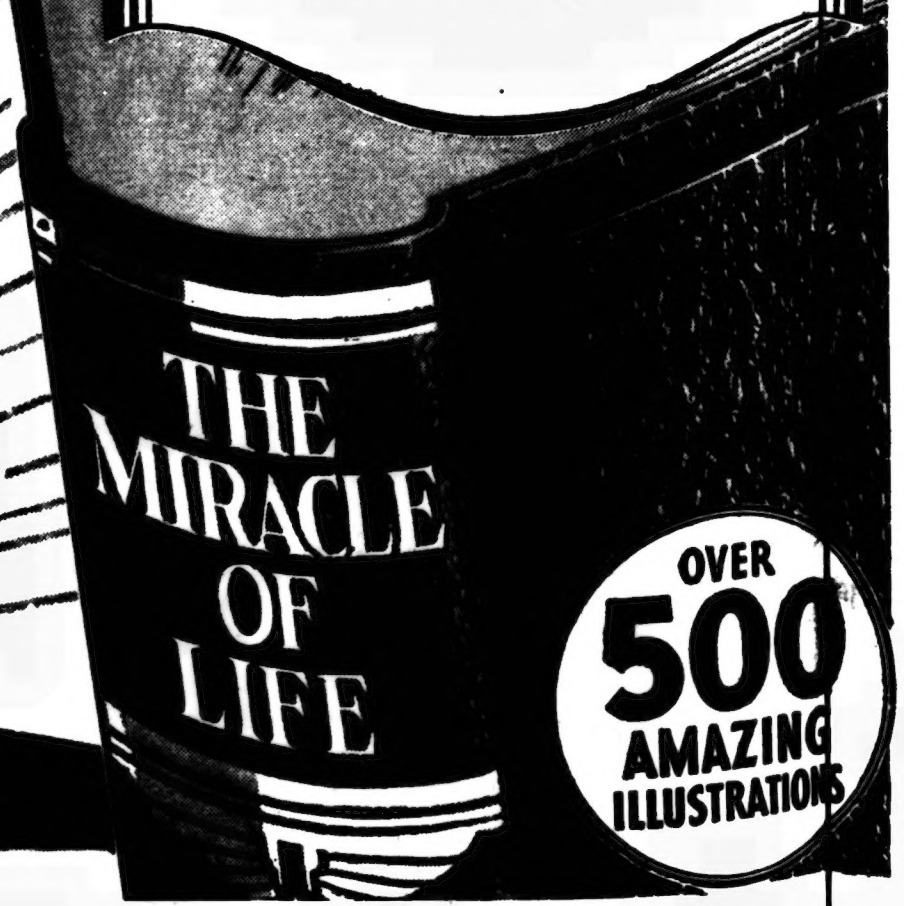

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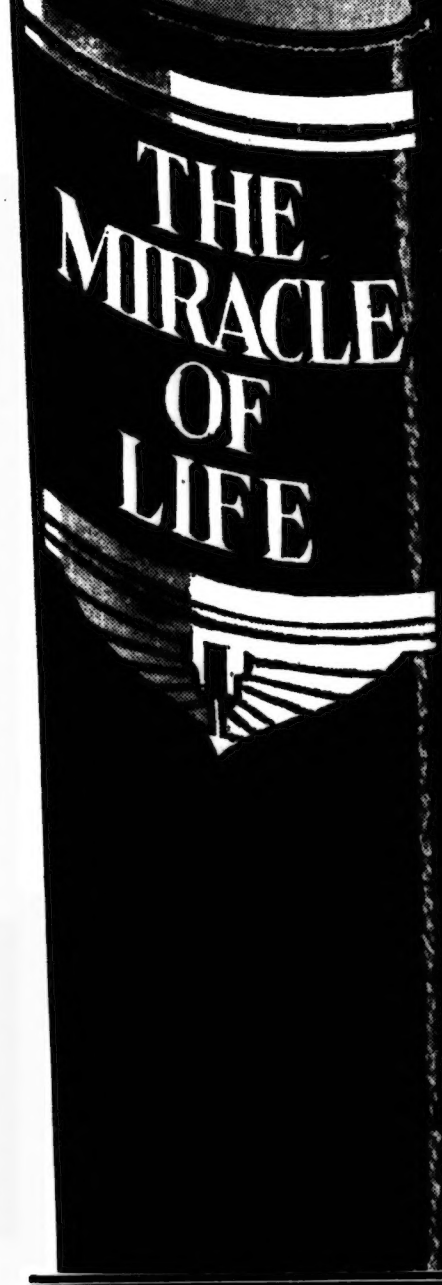

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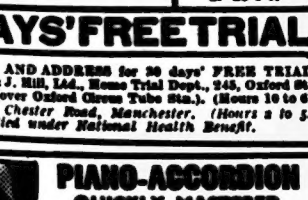

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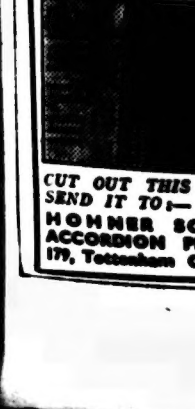

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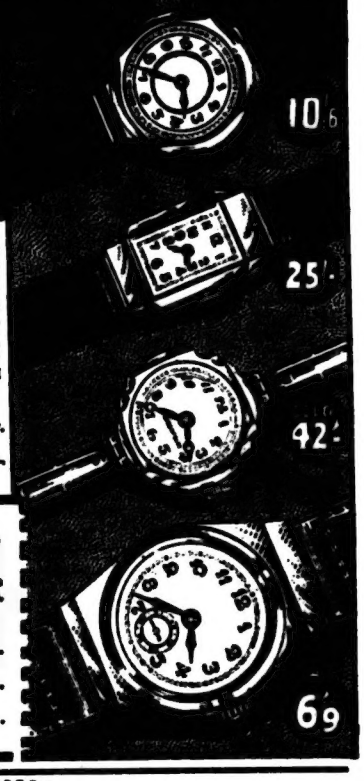

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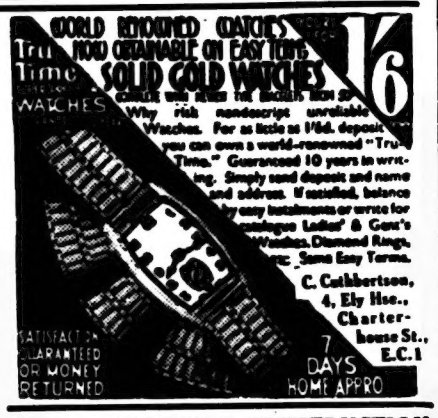

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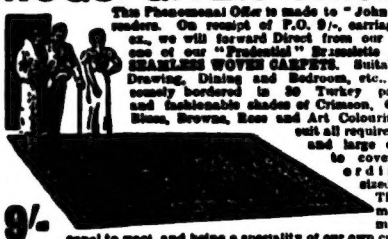

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THURSDAY, for week ending SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1938.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

"Third Party" Risks Trick Victims
State Ignores the Individual
Hands Off Nation's Bread

BREAD is the staff of life.

But you can't lean on a staff you can't afford.

Which brings us to the mention of an international gang that is suggesting to wheat-growers of the world—our own included—a 10 per cent. cut in acreage.

Egyptians' Mistake

Is there a world glut of wheat? Not in any sense of the word.

It just happens that modern speculators have concluded that the ancient Egyptians had no right to cry over those periodic seven years of famine!

The Egyptians should have hailed them as golden opportunities instead. And they should have cashed in on them. That is the idea.

The Ring Trick

Civilisation, you see—or is it lack of it?—has given us the cartel or international Ring.

The International Steel Cartel is making you pay more for your pots and pans—and more by way of rearmament taxation.

Then there is the timber cartel—exclusive to Scandinavian countries. It has increased your timber prices by 80 per cent. in eighteen months.

Bar Wheat Cartel

You, the British consumer, always pay dearest—because it happens that ours is the biggest importing country.

Are you going to be the mugs of a new international wheat cartel?

Only if our Government is fool enough to allow us to participate further in such international arrangements for making Britain pay more.

Bread Booming

We are just beginning to relearn what a wonderful food is bread.

In consequence, we are told on behalf of British bakers, our own wheat acreage is beginning to show an upward tendency.

Fine. There's no reason at all why foreign fakers of famines should disturb this happy progress.

First There

A little East Ham girl has got to have £240 worth of drugs a year *for life* as her staff of life.

Her panel doctor has begun the treatment; all praise to him. But as the ultimate cost may be £12,000, the local insurance committee is going to consult the Ministry of Health.

Scenting danger, we got in first.

The Minus Quantity

"Although that case has not yet been reported to us, a panel patient is entitled to whatever treatment his doctor thinks is medically necessary," the Ministry told us.

Cheers.

But what about that Norfolk man—we have full particulars—who can't get quinine for his malaria because his panel doctor held that, in the absence of a temperature, a medical man is not justified in incurring such expenditure?

Always Health Ministry

And what about the thousands of incredible meannesses panel doctors have to practise towards their panel patients on the strength of economy circulars of the Ministry of Health?

Cases are always pouring in on us.

Our Spinster Unemployed

Anyhow, we're glad the Ministry of Labour is beginning to have some sympathy for that very unhappy section of our unemployed—spinsters of round about forty.

It has started a training school for them in London—in a small way, truly, but still . . .

It will be a scandal if it doesn't develop the scheme.

State "Collectivism" Only

Trouble is that you stand little chance of getting State help nowadays unless you fall into some well-defined group.

It was well put by the Ministry of Labour itself when a lad proved that half the money necessary to send him to a training camp would get him a well-paid position, if spent on instruction.

"Training schemes are collective, not individual," he was told.

"Suffer Little Children . . ."

Halwell and Moreleigh Council School has a "collective scheme." Any scholar can buy a two-course dinner with a penny and two potatoes.

Yet the little boy who found it easier to take two apples gets his dinners all right.

Bless him—and the teachers who make the scheme workable.

Road Insurance Snag

Here's another snag in "compulsory" third-party insurance.

A reader injured by a motor-cyclist can't get money from the insurance company because the cyclist undertook to meet the first £5 of any claim. And the motor-cyclist hasn't got £5 in the world.

Victim is as badly off as if compulsory third-party insurance had never been heard of

Pedestrian Pays

That set us off on a test. We asked three insurance companies whether we could have third-party insurance, bearing the first £100 of risk ourselves.

They all jumped at it, offering heavily reduced premiums. Yes, and for third-party risks. We got it in writing.

What's more, we found dangerous drivers are often compelled to shoulder the initial risks! And that is evading the intention of the Act.

Good Reason Why

Regarding another form of compulsion, school attendance officers should be stopped from making notes of birth registrations with a view to descending on the parents five years later and asking: "Why hasn't your child been sent to school?"

Time and again mothers are incapable of framing a reply.

Their children are dead.

Tragic Farce

We hear another kind of heartlessness from Grimsby district. Old age pensioners summoned for rates had to wait in court for four hours. Then they were told that money was wanted, not excuses.

If, as so many magistrates allege, rates defaulters are not entitled to say a word in explanation, calling them to court at all is a screaming farce—if it were not so tragic.

Poultry Farmers' Trials

Some 450,000 British poultry and egg producers are to play what may be their last card.

Crushed by imports from low-standard-of-living countries, and with chicken-foods up by 40 per cent. in 18 months, they are appealing to M.P.s.

They are small people, the majority of them. And in a business world so clamorous for subsidies and still more subsidies, they are asking for so very little.

Leadswinger M.P.s

Most of our M.P.s are in town again.

Exceptions include those habitual absentees who regard M.P.-ship as a sort of social stamp and not a job of work.

Now M.P.s' salaries have been raised there is all the more reason why electors should try to distinguish between leadswingers and willing slaves—which isn't so easy.

Air Force Disclosures

First rumpus in the House will probably be over Air Force expansion.

Look out for disclosures not only in regard to organisation, but to dangerously over-hurried training of pilots as well.

Sharks' Reprieve

Then that long-promised legislation to stop the share-pusher is being introduced at last.

The feeling is growing among members that the Government will insist on share-dealers registering their names and depositing £500. Only £500!

As if £5,000 would have been any difficulty to the share-pushing gentry whom we have attacked from time to time!

Parsons' Minimum Stipend

Country clergymen have been among the chief victims of these share-pedlars.

But not the type of clergyman who will be described very fully to the Church Assembly next week.

That august gathering is going to consider the question of a minimum wage for parsons: will hear of clergy too poor to buy bread, let alone gold bricks.

He Can Do It

When Sir William Jowett preaches better and cheaper housing, people tell him it can't be done.

They don't know that on his farm in Sussex he has built five delightful cottages—bathrooms, water laid on, main drainage—which cost him £500 each and which he lets to his workers at 9s. a week.

So Sir William wears a judicial smile.

SHARE-PUSHER CONFESSES

NEXT week we begin publishing a series of articles that will attract nationwide attention.

They form the full, uncensored confessions of a Master Share-Pusher.

The writer is John Marsden Firth.

At the peak of his dishonest prosperity, Marsden Firth was the most successful "share-pusher" in the City of London.

He outstripped and outwitted many American invaders who were fleecing the British public with their crooked share and bogus company dealings.

He beat Jacob Factor, the American "share-pushing" monarch, at his own game.

He was far ahead of Maurice Singer, Stanley Grove Spiro and the other leaders of this notorious fraternity.

Now having paid the penalty for his dishonesty, John Marsden Firth has confessed to "John Bull," the paper which unmasked him and was largely responsible for two of his convictions at the Old Bailey.

Every device of the "share-pusher" is revealed in his sensational story. Nothing is kept back.

By his disclosures the public will be warned. For Marsden Firth tells every secret of the "share-pushing" craft.

The whole game is given away.

"I confess . . ." by a Master "Share-Pusher" is a unique exposure of the wiles of City sharks which no one should miss.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

IN our recent ploughing competitions there was a prize for the oldest ploughman and another for the man with the biggest family.

The man who won both was thirty-one years old with a family of one; was, in fact, the only married man among thirteen competitors.—R. MacPherson, Frandy, Glendevon, Dollar, Scotland.

Early in century birth-rate in farming areas often reached 40 per thousand of population—nearly three times present birth-rate for whole country of 15.3. Bearing in mind that agricultural community shrinks by nearly 17 per cent. per annum, prospect is not a bright one.

Sparing the Bridge

Noting that a battalion was ordered to break step on crossing a bridge, I learned this is the usual custom. Surely a superstition, seeing that the weight of the troops is the main factor?—Charles Madin, 140, Stannington View Road, Crookes, Sheffield.

It is not the weight but the impact of weight that is important. For instance, before surveyors pass a temporary floor at an exhibition to hold, say, 200 people, they will get 200 people to jump on it. In London, troops have been borrowed for this purpose.

"Your String, Ma'am"

I sent two rabbits to my mother-in-law in Yorkshire. They are plentiful here.

She has been handed the label with a piece of string and my 9d. stamp attached.

Says the Post Office, firmly and finally: "There's no proof there *were* any rabbits."—H. Banks, Newtown, Charlton Marshall, Blandford, Dorset.

Always happening, although Post Office can tell from cancellation stamp that package was handed in at parcels' counter, and should know its counter clerks wouldn't accept 9d. for label and fragment of string.

Menu

Wherever I went in London during a recent visit the menu was always in French.

Why shouldn't our own language be used in our own land?—Miss M. Howell, 17, Y Groes, Rhiwbina, Cardiff.

Even to calling the menu the bill of fare?

Prof. Jack Horner

Last week's "Human Machine" reminds me of a scientist I once worked for. Putting his finger in a particularly odious chemical he would horrify us by licking it.

It took us a long time to discover that he licked an entirely different finger.—S. Blackburn, 4, Upperheaton, Kirkheaton, near Huddersfield.

Many teachers of chemistry make this trick a pupil's first chemistry lesson. Tempting scholars to dip a finger and taste, they tell grimacing victims: "Observation is of prime importance in science. You should have noticed that I put a clean finger in my mouth."

Tails Forward

Although somebody is certain to say it is impossible, I and thousands of other people who saw the recent international Rugby match played in a gale at Cardiff, would be prepared to swear that an aeroplane carrying an advertisement banner overhead actually flew backwards at one time.—B.M.R.S., Sussex Road, Burry Port, Cardiff.

Quite possible. Aeroplane with maximum flying speed of 70 m.p.h. battling against gale of 80 m.p.h. would naturally go backwards at 10 m.p.h. Stability depends on "air speed," very different thing from "ground speed."

Canterbury Tale

I challenge the oft-repeated statement that Rutland is the smallest county.

Canterbury, according to a charter granted many years ago, is a county in itself.—J. Howard, 55, Ferrestone Road, Wellingborough, Northants.

Canterbury certainly is "a county in itself," but not one of the 43 counties named in the first schedule of the Local Government Act, which is the modern qualification. Rutland (population 17,401) is the smallest so given.

Making Sure

Among the questions on my new rating and valuation form, just received:—

(e) Was the property erected before 1914?

(f) Was it erected after 1914?—G. Kay, 89, Delce Road, Rochester, Kent.

Nevertheless, it has one virtue lacking in some official questionnaires. It can be understood.

Royalty Deprecates

I was one of many worshippers asked to leave a local church recently. The reason given was that a royal notability was due to arrive. Neither Bible nor Prayer Book tells me that my right to worship is conditional in any way. Nor was I warned to that effect by the bishop, who, confirming me, made me a member of the Church.—Mrs. E. H., Southampton.

Royalty would be the first to deprecate such silliness. Similar instance: Visitors to British Pavilion at recent Paris Exhibition were bundled out when Duke and Duchess of Kent visited, much to annoyance of Royal couple.

Real Poverty

One sometimes hears of slum children who have never seen a cow. I am inclined to believe it.

I know that a poor London kiddie sent to recuperate at a holiday home here crawled into the box placed at the foot of his bed for the reception of his clothes. "But I have always slept in a box," he told the nurse.—M. Rawlins, Bognor Drive, Herne Bay.

A South Wales school teacher once told us many such stories—one as to how he sent a boy on an errand with a pound note; found twelve boys fighting to lay a hand on it so that they could claim to have had such a huge sum in their hands.

SPECIAL THIS WEEK: JOBS

—by "J.B." reader-writers

● For seven years I fought to get a job. Then I wrote to the Lord Mayor.

"Rest assured," said the kindly letter I got back. And I had been resting for seven years.

Thank God, I keep my sense of humour. I laughed, and laughed, and laughed.—Harry Walker, 75, Hawthorn Road, Levenshulme, Manchester.

● As a cinema chocolate girl, I find a Shirley Temple film keeps me very busy. "Musicals" are next best for trade. Everybody eats the cheaper sweets during gangster, murder and detective films.

Sea pictures put the majority of people off nibbling, and as for industrial pictures — I might as well go home. —Kathleen Gordon, 223, Priory Terrace, London, N.W.

● Say the charity callers at my door: "You can afford to give, because your husband is an engine-driver."

When will people who regard engine-drivers as working-class millionaires realise that they continue on a fireman's pay for two years, and then get increases so gradual that my husband will be more than fifty before he gets the full rate of £4 10s.?—Mrs. H. G., Rugby.

● I have a trades' directory in which two firms are described as "makers of birch rods." So naughty boys provide some people with jobs. —R. W. L., Exmouth, Devon.

● It has come true!

I solemnly declare that I, John Scotson, lorry driver, calling at an address in south-east London for a load, have been ordered to take ten tons of coal to Newcastle.

Do you wonder that I refused to move until furnished with a written order. It was so unbelievable.—John Scotson, 162, London Road, Biggleswade, Beds.

● Dear old JOHN BULL wonders why railway executives don't have closer contact with railway staffs.

Perhaps the executives are better in the background.

In twenty-five years' railway experience, I remember the higher-ups suggesting (1) wooden bearers for loco. boiler fires, and (2) turning an unusually long wagon on two turntables.—"Twenty-five Years' Ship and Shop," Uppermoor Road, Allenton, Derby.

● I fought for years to get a more progressive position. After many devastating blows from Fate, my luck turned. I got just the job I had dreamed about, planned for, studied to get.

At the crucial moment my health gave way and the job was gone! Yet healthy men envy sick millionaires! —R. Glover, Elkstone House, Bath Road, Cheltenham.

● A man I know was picked out of a line of applicants for a job because he had the biggest nose. "They make better workers," said his new employer.

That has made me remember other people I know—and I really

believe the hardest working of them have big noses.—Miss E. Thomas, 65, Llewellyn Street, Pontywaith, Glam.

Quicker from Abroad

My doctor has just shown me a special vaccine he had to get for an urgent case.

He ordered it from Germany, and got it by air mail within sixty-four hours. He could not have got it from London, twelve and a half miles distant, in less than seven days.—J. Gorham, 46, Verney Street, Neasden, London, N.W.

Explanation offered to us is that vaccine was probably the speciality of a German firm; that no London firm had the facilities to prepare it quickly. To be fair, it is not unknown for a vaccine to be rushed from England to Germany.

Very Gradual

In my official capacity I sometimes have reason to be astonished at the judgments of county court judges, one of whom, by ordering a man to pay a shilling a month, has virtually given him sixty-seven years in which to pay. —K. O. Tattersall, 172, Briercliffe Road, Burnley.

Such orders usually represent the judge's view of what a man can be reasonably expected to pay, having regard to all his circumstances. One man was given 1,000 years to clear a debt.

Sunlight

I work on the York-to-Shrewsbury travelling Post Office.

As we pass through Reddish station every night my friends and I are cheered by the salutations of a young lady, obviously an invalid, who sits up in her bed to cheer us on our way. Such people are sunlight in a grey world.—C. Hardy, 5, Station Avenue, New Earswick, York.

So are you to her. She has been bedridden ten years, by the way. And the Christmas gift of you and your colleagues made her unbelievably happy.

Rumour

It is common talk round here that conscription has never been repealed. That means that we ex-soldiers could be called up again automatically in the event of another war.

If so, where's my reserve pay?—D. Chadwick, 19, America Street, Tunstall, Stoke-on-Trent.

You'll have to whistle for it. Fact is that ex-soldiers were transferred at end of war to Class "Z" of Army Reserve, an unpaid class. That class was automatically discharged in March, 1920, so that, without further legislation, it would be impossible for the authorities to say, "You're in the Army now."

Why Not . . .

contribute to this page? 10s. 6d. is paid for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. for a photograph or drawing illustrating the story.

You may write upon absolutely any subject you wish.

But, whatever the subject, please keep your letters brief.

Mark your envelope "Voice of the People."

Address your communication to JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

And there are other pages where your co-operation is cordially welcomed—pages where you can help us to help you. . . .

A. G. Gardiner ..... Page 13
Sir Wyndham Childs .... Page 15
Greatest of These— .... Page 24
Human Documents ..... Page 26
True Stories ..... Page 34

Nation's Crime Against Widows

THESE MEN BROKEN BY THE WAR—

A JOHN BULL Special Investigator sees for himself the stark misery caused by relentless red tape. The case he cites is typical of thousands and reveals a scandal that should rouse the nation

—AND THE WIDOWS STILL PAY THE PRICE

THE SPECTRE OF ARTICLE 17B

BY every post the Pensions Expert of JOHN BULL has to deal with the cruel and pathetic consequences of a monstrous regulation known as Article 17B of the Royal Warrant.

From a heap of appealing letters on the subject, I took one at random the other day from his desk.

It was written by Mrs. Rose Heggie, of 3, Rossall Road, off Talbot Road, Blackpool.

She said in it that she had lost her husband and that she and her family were destitute by the operation of Article 17B.

I took the train to Blackpool to get the facts first hand.

They are given in the following narrative without colour. You are bound to feel sorry for Mrs. Heggie and the multitude of other women like her whom a Government department has reduced to the same plight. But your anger will surpass your sympathy.

I had been speaking to Mrs. Heggie in her tiny home for only a few moments when a wan little boy came into the room. "Mummy," he whispered, "I'm hungry."

She patted him and sent him away. Her eyes became dim with tears. She looked across the room . . . to an empty larder.

"Thank God my little girl is away from all this!" she exclaimed. Her nine-year-old daughter had been so ill because of undernourishment that she could not attend school. Friends have taken her into their care.

Stricken

Because of the shock of what she has had to endure, Mrs. Heggie's hair has turned white in the last few weeks.

Later, I saw a photograph of Mrs. Heggie in the week of her marriage twenty-eight years ago. A splendid type of healthy and beautiful young womanhood she must have been then.

By no stretch of imagination was it possible to reconcile the picture with the stricken, suffering woman to whom I was speaking.

Richard Heggie was the name of her husband. He was forty-nine when he died a few weeks ago.

In his youth the man had a very fine record in the Royal Navy.

He gave up the sea at the first opportunity after he met the girl who was to be his wife, and became a rigger at one of the great pre-war armament factories.

By arrangement with the Admiralty, the Army obtained his services as a sergeant-instructor when the Great War broke out.

Three thousand recruits were trained by him in the first months of the campaign, when, at his own request, he was allowed to go to France with the King's Own Royal Lancasters.

Then he went to Salonika. On that front one day a heavy shell burst in the trench parapet against which he was leaning. He was so buried that, while his comrades dug for him, they had no hope of finding him alive.

By some miracle he escaped death. But his entire nervous system was crippled and deranged.

Sergeant Heggie's spirit alone was not broken. As soon as he left hospital, discharged from the Service as useless, he returned to his civilian occupation.

Devotion

He was able to pursue it for only twenty days. Then, one morning, they brought him home from his workplace on a stretcher.

The doctors said that shell-shock had produced its worst possible effects, that he would never walk or be able to move by his own volition again. They were right.

That was twenty years ago.

From that day until he died the other week the paralysed man was never out of bed or an invalid-chair. His condition was so bad that he was awarded a pension and allowances for his family of more than £3 per week.

In all that time he was nursed day and night by his wife, who had to wait on him hand and foot.

Not once in twenty years did she ever have one hour to herself. "It was my duty to minister to him," she said to me. "I hope I did it well. I don't regret what I had to sacrifice."

A year or two ago Mr. Heggie began to have internal pains. The doctors found a malignant growth.

They had no doubt what had caused it . . . inaction, lying or sitting in one position, unable to move a limb or muscle for twenty years.

The poor fellow died in the end in agony.

A distinguished soldier, Colonel Harold Parker, D.S.O., is the Coroner for Blackpool.

When, at the inquest, he heard of the patience and bravery and fortitude of Mrs. Heggie during those twenty terrible years he could scarcely speak for emotion as he tendered his sympathy and admiration to her.

From the medical testimony Colonel Parker had no hesitation in pronouncing a verdict that Richard Heggie's death was accelerated by war service.

Destitution

In the following days the widow went to the Pensions Office to ascertain what amount of allowance would be given to her and her children. She was just able to understand what was told her before she swooned.

It was that her husband's death certificate had been sent to London, and the authorities had decided that there could be no mercy or compassion for her of any kind because of the existence of Article 17B of the Royal Warrant.

There would be nothing for her or hers.

Her husband's death, they said, was not wholly or directly due to war service. It arose from the malignant growth. No account could be taken of the unanimous medical opinion that the growth was produced by his paralysed condition and that the paralysis was caused by a shell-burst in Salonika.

So, after tending for twenty years the piece of wreckage that was given back to her from the Great War, Mrs. Heggie and her little ones are in the direst poverty. The rent is in arrears, and only the compassion of the landlord has kept them from being turned out of their home.

But the patience of landlords is not inexhaustible. Then there will be only the workhouse for this heroine and her children.

Multiply the case of Mrs. Rose Heggie some tens of thousands of times and you will have an idea of the full significance of Article 17B

It states, in effect, that the wife and children of a sailor, soldier or airman are not entitled to any pension or allowance unless the death of the man is *wholly and directly* due to a war disability.

They Demand . . .

One day last week I was scanning a number of local newspapers when I noticed what seemed to be a curious coincidence regarding this crime against widows.

In six of the papers were tucked away small paragraphs reporting the proceedings at meetings of some women's organisations—co-operative guilds, rural institutes, British Legion branches and the like.

These had been held independently at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Cardiff, Edinburgh, Preston, Eastbourne and Gloucester. The women at one meeting had no idea what those at the other meetings were discussing or deciding. But each of them had adopted a resolution on one subject.

They demanded that the tragedy and misery of the survivors should be abated by amendment of Article 17B of the Royal Warrant.

Men who were broken in the last war are dying fast these days—the Registrar-General is always commenting on this fact. But their death certificates do not show that their deaths have been caused by wounds or other injuries received in battle.

Their condition was produced by their physical suffering from service to their King and Country. For years they may have been paid pensions in recognition of that fact. But when they die, payment to their dependants is stopped.

The death certificates are apparently examined under microscopes in Whitehall. The slightest suggestion in them that the man may have died from something not wholly or directly attributable to his service is seized on as an opportunity to make paupers of his widow and children.

That is why I read that societies of women up and down the country are passing resolutions protesting against the treatment of countless Mrs. Heggies.

The scandal of it seems to be more like a job for the men of Britain to tackle.

The old-style missionary ➡
was usually depicted as a venerable old gentleman with sun-hat, glare-goggles and an umbrella—
but his modern brother goes to work on a motor-bike... ⬇

"If I were a Cassowary
On the plains of Timbuctoo,
I would eat a missionary,
Coat and bands and hymn-book, too."

Sixteen Thousand

THERE are sixteen thousand British missionaries in the Foreign Field. Probably three times that number of missionaries if we take every nationality and every creed of Christianity.

Fifty thousand men and women who presumably have dedicated themselves to obey the divine precept to go forth and preach the Gospel to every creature.

By tradition the missionary is the man who adventured into strange lands, filled with a holy single-minded purpose, his sole weapons being the Scriptures and faith. Often in ancient days he ventured out alone, without resources.

Missionaries and missions are very different to-day. In many parts of the world there are missionaries who are little more than traders.

Others work in places where they know very well there is practically no hope of making converts to Christianity, but are maintained in remote parts of the world by subscriptions regularly sent from home.

Again, there are missionaries of the bravest of brave, who defy the scourge of leprosy in order to bring solace to lepers and save their children from the curse of the third and fourth generation.

Men who do not hesitate to stay in cholera-ridden zones rather than desert their hospitals.

For them the message of Christianity is not so much one of religion but of mercy to all, believers and unbelievers alike.

It would be difficult to say too much in praise of the gallantry and devotion of many hundreds of men and women who at this very moment go daily in risk of their lives in an effort to save the wounded and desolate in the war in the Far East.

At the same time, another picture is presented to us—the exploitation of natives by missionaries for mercenary gain in certain parts of the South Seas and the East Indies.

Constant appeals

Modern missions are big and powerful bodies. Some are wealthy.

Others are forced to make constant appeals for support. A few are in danger of disappearing altogether because of the lack of funds.

In the case of the big British missions the closest supervision is maintained and only selected men are sent abroad.

British missions last year cost the round sum of two and a quarter millions. The London Missionary Society spent £141,000, the war between China and Japan adding an extra £10,000 to the bill, a figure which has led to the reduction of the number of out-stations on the ground of cost.

The China Inland Mission in the course of its existence has handled more than £4,500,000. Last year its various organisations spent the very large sum of £131,824.

It maintained 1,387 missionaries in China. It made 8,841 converts—on the average five per missionary at an all-round working cost of £14 for every soul.

Last year, in the case of a great organisation like the Church Missionary Society, there were 45,700 adults converted and baptised in the Christian faith and 33,300 children.

Thus the total number of converts in this particular mission amounted to 1,320,000. There were 377,000 pupils being looked after in 572 stations and 7,555 out-stations.

For this there was a total expenditure of £394,000, but although the revenue was nominally £431,848, there was a big deficit, owing to terms of certain bequests, on the year's working.

Here are big figures. And what are the results by comparison with the population of the world?

It is estimated that about 1,860,000,000 people live on the surface of the globe, of these, the Christian community embraces 690,000,000. There are still more than 1,000,000,000 people in the world who, from a mission point of view, must be looked upon as heathen.

More and more missionaries are turning their attention to hospital work, making physical relief attendant on religious belief. It is a change of method far more likely to lead to real success in the foreign field.

Take, for example, the "Miva," the flying missionaries, a group of Roman Catholic priests and nursing sisters who are maintained by the Vatican.

Not so long ago they were doing hospital work in tropical Central Africa. To-day they are on the Arctic circle, where, in a temperature often 60 degrees below zero, they bring help and medicines to Eskimos and traders stranded in the icefields.

The mission must be armed in accordance with the Canadian Government's requirements. It has an equipment of sleighs, dog-teams and encampments.

Its aeroplane, which has to be carefully shored up when not in use to prevent its being frozen into the ice, is used to take Sisters and Fathers rapidly from place to place when there is urgent need.

Here is an inspiring picture of adventure and courage in which devout men fulfil a real mission.

Not all stories of missionaries are quite so reassuring. For example, on the north coast of New Guinea, missionaries of rival denominations endeavour to win converts by painting a brighter picture of heaven and a more gloomy one of hell than their rival missionaries, or even by giving out bigger and brighter medals to be worn by a string round the neck of the jubilant but primitive natives.

Some of the missionaries in these parts are extremely wealthy men, owning their own motor-boats, houses and plantations. It would appear they long since forgot the call of the Divine mission, preferring to trade in copra.

In some places they have extended their businesses to such an extent that the local authorities have obliged them to register as commercial houses, and it is not uncommon to come across such extraordinary concerns as "Mission of the Sacred Heart, Ltd.," and "Catholic Mission of the Holy Ghost, Ltd."

Unhappy picture

Cases have been known where missionaries have employed converted natives at slave wages. It is not uncommon for missionaries of this type to *sell* the natives the presents of clothing, and so on, which have been collected at home as Christmas or Easter gifts.

In these parts few attempt to understand the psychology of the natives.

In some South Sea islands they have insisted on natives wearing European clothes at all times, and have so introduced epidemics like influenza and tuberculosis, which were unknown before.

A truly unhappy picture of men who have betrayed their trust.

Contrast it with the self-sacrifice of missionaries who work among the lepers.

Do you know that at the most modest computation there are 3,000,000 lepers in the world, and nearly all are destitute.

Their disease may be hopeless in advanced stages, but it is not hereditary in every case. Christian charity has worked wonders among leper colonies not only in China but in Africa and India.

Among lepers

"Jesus, moved with compassion, put forward his hand and touched him and saith unto him, I will, be thou clean."

Outside Foochow, in China, in one of the leper villages, there is an old man without hands or feet, but who has his Bible propped up by his side.

He turns over the pages with his stumps. He is described as having a face "often transfigured with radiance."

Missionaries leave the leper villages. Before they go the inhabitants bid them farewell in unlettered but touching phrase. They mean to say, "Thank you, Teacher; thank you for bringing the soul-healing word to us outcasts."

For they are outcasts. Three mil-

Eager Exiles

In far Basutoland—the little mission church at Roma nestles against an impressive mountain background

lions of them. Yet up to now only 10,000 have been reached through the limited resources of the various leper missions.

In Korea, where leprosy is still a terrible scourge, missionaries have every day to listen to such cries as, "Give us life, give us life," and yet remain powerless to help. There is not enough money to go round.

Yet thousands are being spent every year in a vain endeavour to convert healthy Buddhists in Ceylon, and Moslems in India.

At one time the mission at Kashgar preached for twelve years and obtained not one convert! Again, the Central Asian Mission, functioning in Turkestan, Tibet and China, at one time had twelve stations with 30 missionaries. Each obtained one convert a year, and the estimated cost was £200 a head.

Last year it was recorded by one society that two Moslem girls in the Punjab had been converted as a result of twelve months' endeavour.

In Ceylon, likewise, two converts were forthcoming from Buddhism, and the activities of the missionaries more than once nearly caused open rioting.

Still the cry of the lepers, "Give us life, give us life," goes up unceasingly..

Nazi agents

Politics have been permitted to enter the mission field. Some time ago the Bishop of Melanesia, addressing a congregation at Auckland, N.Z., referred to the fact that German missionaries in the mandated territory of what was formerly the German part of New Guinea were really Nazi agents.

He declared that the preachers were instructing the natives to the fact that the mandate was only a temporary affair, that the colony would ultimately return to the Fatherland and that they must say "Heil, Hitler," when they entered the classroom of the mission.

Again, three missions on the 1,000-mile long Arnhem Land coast of Australia have agreed to participate in the Australian defence scheme.

Special codes and instructions are to be issued to individual missionaries who are to co-ordinate signal fires lighted by Myall aborigines. They will give the alarm at the approach of strange ships. Strange, too, this new occupation of the missionary.

Not so long ago the Italian authorities threatened to expel six British missionaries of the British Churchmen's Missionary Society on the ground that they were spies. There was, of course, no foundation for the charge.

It needed a Foreign Office protest to prevent such action being taken, but even so, the incident provided Signor Gayda, Mussolini's mouthpiece, with an opportunity to indulge in a characteristic fulmination against the perfidious English who even utilised the clergy to carry out their shady intentions. In China and Japan, missionaries have no time to think about politics. Their presence is too often needed to relieve suffering.

To their everlasting credit, British missionaries have continued at their posts. Several have been murdered. A number have been tortured or kidnapped, or both.

There are 3,000 still in China and 400 in Japan, and neither Government looks on them with very favourable eye.

Persecution on a big scale may begin at any moment in districts far removed from the coast. Already many natives who became Christians largely that they might be educated in the mission schools are turning against their teachers.

An earnest of the temper of the Chinese in the interior may be gathered from experiences in the two provinces of Shensi and Shansi, an area 1,500 miles in length.

For a long time they have been dominated by the atheist, Communist war-lord, Mao Tsung. Baiting "Christian dogs" is one of his pastimes, but even in his own capital of Sianfu five Christian missionaries remain at work in their hospital.

They work in a strange environment.

From time-to-time mites of seven to eight years are ordered away from their class-rooms to lessons in drill with wooden swords.

Whenever there is an exhibition of anti-aircraft artillery firing they have to be given the day off from the school attached to the hospital. Moreover, they are always liable to be beaten up for having been taught to believe in any kind of God.

Stern, resolute spirit is required in such circumstances. It is being evidenced in all parts of China. It was present in the firing-line at Shanghai.

Father Jacquinot, a one-armed Jesuit priest, took charge of the barbed-wire boundaries at Nantao in order to protect terrified Chinese refugees.

Two London women—Miss Glasley, of Wembley, and Mrs. Hayward, of Hornsey—at a time when fighting was very fierce, refused to leave the wounded and take refuge in the dug-outs.

Almost at the same time a number of Roman Catholic priests of various nationalities were being mutilated and murdered in particularly horrifying circumstances by Japanese troops in Manchukuo.

Sometimes missionaries pay no heed to any tradition or native custom in their short-sighted attempts to force a strange and unwanted religion on communities that have had age-long civilisations. Here is an instance: In the island of Bali activities of missionaries have nearly caused riots. In Bali is congregated one of the most amazing little nations in the world with its long civilisation and religion, the two so closely interwoven as to be almost inseparable. There used to be an expression in the Dutch East Indies—"Bali's unassailable religion."

Local Dutch authorities resisted to the last any encroachment on the part of missions, but now they have been obliged to give way. The first Christian church has been dedicated at Toka.

At the cross-roads

How much more useful is the purpose of the mission of 52-year old Mrs. Ida Cordon, known on the Bechuanaland border of the Kalahari desert in South Africa, as "Little Mother."

Her life may well be compared with that of famous Mary Slessor, Dundee mill girl, who became the "White Queen of Calabar."

Mrs. Cordon established a hospital hundreds of miles from anywhere. She helped to build it herself. Natives have travelled for two or three days to visit her. She is consulted by the all-powerful witch-doctors, who hold her in awe.

It has been said that, from a missionary point of view, India, China and Africa are at the cross-roads. It may fairly be said that, at the same time, foreign missions generally are at the turning point of their history.

Altogether not a very satisfactory situation.

In many cases when missions are looked on as businesses, they are often badly conducted. When looked on as spiritual movements, they are often confused, narrow and self-contradictory.

Money subscribed, frittered away in useless endeavour. Money wanted where there is real opportunity for the highest human charity, and that money not forthcoming.

Such is the mission field in 1938.

The Human Machine

THINK FOR YOURSELF

YOU know people who think, and those who let others do their thinking for them. The former are few: the latter are very many indeed. This is not surprising, since laziness is a deep-rooted trait and almost anything is easier than doing your own thinking!

We don't realise soon enough that there is a vast difference between learning and thinking. We learn and go on learning—or should do—from anyone who has anything to teach us: but learning does not excuse us from using our brains for their primary purpose, to think and to reason.

What you have to realise is that all you can learn are facts. There is certainly nothing gained by refusing to accept such knowledge.

Any short cut to knowledge is something to be welcomed and grabbed. Take all the knowledge you can get, whether from people or from books.

But facts are only facts until they are used. Knowledge remains just so much mental lumber until it is put to some definite purpose, until it is made to work. With the imparting of knowledge the usefulness of other people comes to an end and your own responsibility begins.

At that point you've got to use your own brains. You've got to think. You've got to apply the knowledge you've gained, form your own opinions of its value, and make your own decisions as to its meaning.

There are always plenty of people quite willing to do all this for you—but there's usually an ulterior motive behind their willingness.

Do your own thinking, then you can choose your own allies. Otherwise you're only going to be a cog in someone else's machine.

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OPEN LETTERS

Lieut.-Colonel J. COLVILLE, M.P.,
Financial Secretary, Treasury

DEAR SIR,—Have the costly lessons of the droughts and floods of the past few years been completely lost on you?

Up and down the country the responsible authorities on the spot have at last devised methods to save the countryside. The boldness of their schemes does something to compensate for their tardiness.

Progress is being hampered by the Government alone—by the withholding of its fair share of financial help.

The money needed could be raised by the Treasury at a much lower rate of interest than by the local boards.

Refusal of even this measure of co-operation suggests that the Cabinet's promise to support local effort was so much hypocrisy.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. T. MILLER,
National Federation of Colliery Deputies

DEAR PRESIDENT,—You waste your breath, I fear, in emphasising that when a boy younger than seventeen is killed in a coal-mine his parents receive only funeral expenses unless they can prove dire poverty.

Nor will your strictures on the dreadful number of accidents to boys employed underground disturb the dignified calm of our Westminster mandarins.

But if the young sons of some Cabinet Ministers had to toil in the mines——! JOHN BULL.

Professor ERIC S. WATERHOUSE,
London University

DEAR PROFESSOR,—No doubt, as you say, it is unnatural for a man of twenty-five not to have a wife. As a physician, surgeon and philosopher, you ought to know.

But, if you are right, it means that those who prevent young men from marrying are unnatural. Certainly I have long thought that the rulers of our Army, the Church, banks and similar institutions are not quite human.—JOHN BULL.

Sir SAMUEL HOARE,
Home Secretary

SIR,—For four years I have been exposing the sensationalism and lies surrounding the "wave of juvenile crime" supposed to be sweeping over Britain.

Now, after long investigation with able helpers, you join me in denouncing the alarmists.

The blast of cold air which you have released in telling the public that there is nothing to worry about should silence the shriekers.

Your ardour in devising methods by which child offenders will no longer be treated as problems but as opportunities inspires the belief that you feel you have found a new mission in life.

* * *

I am especially glad you have discovered that the blame for young persons coming in conflict with the law has to be laid mostly on home conditions—poverty, bad housing, absence of facilities for games, and similar causes of mental and physical backwardness.

Since you went to the Home Office, the treatment of juvenile delinquency has become a pattern for the treatment of adult crime.

* * *

It was appalling to learn the other day how a magistrate at Barking, Essex, dealt with a trembling boy of ten charged with stealing half-a-crown.

He ordered the birch to be brought into court and shown to the child.

"You have your clothes taken off your back and we get a big, strong officer to use it," said this justice.

That is the kind of lamentable treatment of young delinquents which, I am convinced, you are all out to end.—JOHN BULL.

Sir Samuel Hoare—"You seem to have found a new mission in life. Prosecute it!"

Rt. Hon. Lord SWINTON,
Air Minister

SIR,—I have no doubt your attention will be officially drawn to the protest of the mother of a young sergeant in the R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve who was killed while flying solo over Southampton Water after he had been in the Service for only a fortnight.

She said the R.A.F. may have thought he had obtained sufficient flying experience in two weeks' training, but that was not her view.

The country has lately been seriously perturbed by the number of casualties in the R.A.F. Assurance from you that a large proportion of these deaths is not due to inexperience would be welcome.—JOHN BULL.

The Earl POULETT,
Hinton St. George, Somerset

SIR,—I endorse your strongly worded complaint regarding the difficulties put in the way of country landlords in their efforts to provide either new or renovated houses for land labourers.

Your own experience of delay and obstruction is but one of many which has come to my notice recently. You began correspondence with the local authorities in regard to reconditioning six houses as long ago as 1935, and you are still being hampered.

If the authorities are really serious in their desire to improve rural housing, they ought to be the first to collaborate. They seem, however, to prefer procrastination.—JOHN BULL.

Miss GRACE BLAMIRES,
Albert Street, Shildon, Co. Durham

DEAR GRACE,—They tell me the fervour of your preaching brings tears to the eyes. Yet you are only a schoolgirl.

I'm prepared to believe you preach Christianity as it should be preached; but what interests me is your really Christian attitude to living.

You don't want to be an old maid; you want to marry at twenty-six, or thereabouts; and you have the wish to do something to repay mother and father for the sacrifices they have made for you.

More power to your exposition of the Word.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. C. G. MANTON,
Brighton Housing Committee

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—Brighton is not, as you seem to think, the only town where council estates are disgraced by "poverty streets."

All over the country people are depriving themselves and their children of food in order to pay high rents for council houses.

Long ago there should have been standard-of-living committees in local government, as you now propose.

Unless other councils realise that either incomes must go up or rents come down, there will certainly be more malnutrition.—JOHN BULL.

Sir PHILIP HENRIQUES,
Chairman, Surrey County Council

DEAR SIR,—The most outrageous piece of destructive snobbery I have heard of for a long time is the decision of your Council to close the Malden Day Nursery.

Even a request from the Ministry of Health for it to be kept open, because it is so badly needed, has been flouted. So has a petition signed by more than 500 mothers.

The nursery cares for babies whose mothers go out to work. Snobbish Surrey would rather they gave up their jobs than that the babies should be cared for in a communal nursery.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. T. BENNETT,
County Surveyor, Oxford

DEAR SIR,—Three out of four road fatalities in your county are due, you state, to badly designed roads.

The better the road, the faster the traffic.

But fast traffic does not necessarily mean greater danger. It is only when a road is used for all kinds of traffic, from fast car to handtruck, that real danger emerges.

When that fact is realised, we may come within distance of the solution of the traffic casualty problem.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. PERCY ALLOTT,
Shop Assistants' Union

DEAR MR. ALLOTT,—There is no exaggeration in the description, "lives of uninspired drudgery," with which a leading employer sums up the assistants' conditions in many shoe shops.

From the complaints reaching me, I know you are right in saying that some of the men get as little as £1, women no more than 13s., for a long working week.

Now you are campaigning for a minimum London wage scale up to 66s. for male assistants and 43s. for saleswomen.

I hope you will not only be able to secure it, but to improve conditions in the provincial shops as well.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. CHURCHILL SIBLEY,
Fernshaw Road, London, S.W.

SIBLEY,—News reaches me that, as "Chancellor of the Intercollegiate University," you are still dispensing bogus degrees to dupes willing to pay for them.

When I first exposed you, years ago, you described yourself as the Very Reverend Canon Churchill Sibley, M.A., D.D., D.Litt., Mus.D.; then you miraculously blossomed into an archbishop.

Let me suggest a new title that would really be apt—Professor of Humbug.—JOHN BULL.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Homes of Peril

Too busy counting her profits to study her patients.

GREATER use is being made of nursing homes. Greater is the need to clean them up!

We commend Surrey County Council for cancelling the registration of a home in which two mothers lost their lives from child-bed fever; one was actually admitted when infection was suspected.

But nothing less than country-wide action will check the almost incredible scandals flourishing in this important branch of the medical service.

Anyone can open a nursing home for gain on payment of 5s. registration fee. Official inspections are rarely made.

Some local authorities have not bothered to make by-laws dealing with such places.

Where regulations exist, they are not enforced.

Bad ventilation, inadequate sanitation, poor heating are common.

Unregistered homes abound to reap fat profits from illegal operations and other shady practices.

After Nurse Waddingham was hanged for murdering a patient, Whitehall reminded local councils of their duties.

Eighteen months ago, Mrs. Tate, M.P., declared that disease was being spread by private nursing homes; Whitehall sent out another "ginger" note.

Now the Ministry of Health should threaten negligent councils with open censure.

The Nursing Homes Registration Act, admitted to be a failure, should be strengthened and extended.

The hundreds of thousands of patients who enter nursing homes must be safeguarded!

The demand for CAPSTAN increases daily — say W. D. & H. O. WILLS

"It's a hindisputable fact, Cedric"

WILLS'S
CAPSTAN CIGARETTES.
10 FOR 6D. 20 FOR 11½D.

W. D. & H. O. Wills Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. C.C. 59.(2)

NERVES

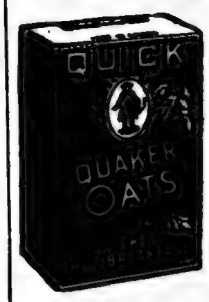
CAN MAKE A HOUSEWIFE'S DAY A NIGHTMARE

Her day begins with a rush . . . the children mustn't be late for school . . . there's a husband who hasn't any too much time . . .

After the morning clear-up, there's the midday meal to be cooked . . . and there's the wretched front door bell again!

The afternoon—and shopping to be done. Often a tiring 'bus journey first . . . then jostling in and out of crowded stores . . .

Figures—"cost of living"—always a worry . . . can be a nightmare to the housewife.



QUAKER OATS

with it's 'nerve-nourishing' Vitamin B

SAVES ALL THAT!

How much there is to put a housewife "on edge." Repeated incidents, small enough in themselves, play havoc with her "nerves." And if she lets them get her down she becomes depressed and irritable, and so does everybody else around her. How can she help it?

Feeding a large family is always a problem for the housewife. That's where Quaker Oats can be her greatest help.

Quaker Oats has a precious vitamin which takes care of "nerves"—*nerve-nourishing* Vitamin B! And there's no nicer or more *economical* way of getting this essential vitamin than in delicious Quaker Oats. A packet costs only 8½d. and provides 40 delicious steaming hot breakfasts!

293

40 vitalising breakfasts for 8½d.

League will Laugh Last

Reader Bowler, of Luton, asks, "What in A. G. G.'s opinion will be the international position if, and when, all the leading nations adopt government by dictatorship?"

by A. G. Gardiner

AMONG the multitude of subjects that our readers suggest for discussion none is more insistent than that of the League of Nations.

Is it living or dead? Is it desirable or undesirable? Should it be reformed? If so, in what direction? Should sanctions be strengthened or should they be abolished altogether?

These are some of the many questions that are raised, and with the 100th meeting of the League Council in session at Geneva this seems a fitting moment to seek an answer to them.

History is a long business, a fact not sufficiently appreciated by those who have no philosophy of life and live from day to day on their own hysteria. Christianity took a long time to come out of the Catacombs. But it came and transformed the world.

As Matthew Arnold says of human affairs, "There is a stream of tendency that makes for righteousness," and if the League of Nations belongs to that stream neither the Dictators nor their journalistic hacks will prevail against it.

And who can doubt that it does so belong? What is the most universal fear of mankind? War. What is the most universal aspiration of mankind? Peace.

There are, of course, bravoes from Genghis Khan to Mussolini who may be supposed to love war for war's sake. But I speak of the average man everywhere.

★ ★ ★

If you could devise a census of mankind in all lands, and make the issue dependent on the result, war would be banished from the earth by a well-nigh unanimous vote.

Probably it was always so, but never as passionately so as it is to-day. For in the conditions of the modern world civilisation and war can no longer coexist.

We can have one or the other. We can't have both. All the marvellous achievements of science imply that. On the one hand they equip war with a destructive power that, once unloosed, will obliterate civilisation.

On the other, they offer mankind a wealth of common blessings that, rightly used and wisely controlled, would obliterate war.

That is the issue: War or Civilisation? Put in another way, it is: War or Law? And it is because "the stream of tendency that makes for righteousness" will in the end prevail, that the principle of the League of Nations, however battered and derided to-day, lives, will live and cannot die.

Remember, it is a new thing. It has been the dream of the best minds of the just for centuries—of the sages of the Church, of Erasmus, of Kant, even of Napoleon in the days of his eclipse.

But only since the Great War, which blazoned the heavens with the alternative that confronted mankind, has it come to birth as a reality. It is still in its infancy, assailed by all the perils that afflict infancy.

★ ★ ★

Benjamin Franklin, when engaged in his experiments with kites to attract lightning and solve the mystery of electricity, was ridiculed by his friends.

"What is the use of such toys?" they asked. And he made the immortal reply, "What is the use of a new-born baby?" And to-day the world shudders under the menace of the air that is the outcome of such experiments as Franklin's.

So, also, the League is a new-born baby. It is the greatest experiment in organising human society that has ever been attempted. Give it time and, in Archimedes' phrase, "it will move the earth."

Remember the alternative. There is none but war—the balance of power, the ceaseless competition in armaments, the perpetual fear, the inevitable catastrophe.

One of my correspondents asks whether the outlook would be better if we scrapped democracy and all took to dictatorships. Some questions answer themselves. Imagine a Europe with a Mussolini on every national midden!

That the present position of the League is depressing is true. Its policy of collective security, backed by sanctions, has proved a broken reed.

It failed in Manchuria, in Abyssinia, on the Rhine, in Spain, in China.

It failed because the militarist and dictatorial powers hated the League, determined that it should fail, defied it and deserted it. And, having deserted it, they have formed a triple alliance based on the naked doctrine of force.

For the time being "sanctions" are in cold storage, and the great hope of a world organised for peace and against war has flitted over the horizon.

But it will return. This is not the moment to despair. It is the moment to redress our ranks, readjust our policy, renew our faith. Rome was not built in a day, and the building of a world structure of peace, too, must take time.

Perhaps we expected too much and too soon. Now we are in danger of fearing too much. I think we are. Superficially the tide has gone against the League and the Dictators have the whip-hand.

Yet the struggle has only begun, and in an estimate of the forces engaged there is no ground for serious alarm. The triple axis of Rome-Berlin-Tokio looks more formidable than it is, and might easily prove a rope of sand. It is largely a shop-window dressing designed to strike fear into the democratic powers.

There is no genuine community of interest between the dictatorships, apart from antagonism to the British Empire, and, in spite of their theatrical hobnobbings, neither Hitler nor Mussolini trusts the other.

Both Japan and Italy have bitten off more than they can chew and are embarked on adventures which are exhausting their very limited resources.

Mussolini's spectacular conquest of Abyssinia has turned out to be a white elephant and his intervention in Spain an unmitigated disaster from which he is now only anxious to escape.

★ ★ ★

His prestige in his impoverished country has fallen in consequence, and he is in no position to invite a first-class war—a real war—to save his face.

Japan is in no better case. She has been stampeded into a great war by the military gang in defiance of the statesmen, and, having failed to get the swift decision she anticipated, her armies may have more trouble in getting out of China than they had in getting in.

Meanwhile, Hitler is watching the flounderings of his allies without any intention of getting involved in their escapades.

On the other hand, the strength of the League powers is unimpaired. Our programme of rearmament is in full swing. The United States, though outside the League, has been brought into line with the democratic powers by events in China. In all the essentials—money, material resources, manufacturing capacity—those powers have an overwhelming superiority.

If war can be staved off, there must come a crack in the Dictatorships which will change the whole face of things and pave the way for a stampede back to Geneva and collective security.

That is the possibility for which the League must be prepared with a revised constitution that all can accept. No, the League is not dead. It will outlast all the Dictatorships.

And now, what do *you* want A. G. G. to write about?

Mural at the League of Nations Assembly Room at Geneva—impressive symbol of unity

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Not from the B.B.C.

PATRIOTIC SIRENS

TAKE your lipstick from its scabbard,
see your powder-puff is dry.
For there's women's work that's waiting
to be done;
Yes, your country needs you, Gertie, and,
if you're not overshy,
You will probably enjoy your share of
fun—
Clean, wholesome, patriotic fun, such as
awaits young misses
Who, as recruiting-sergeants, are not
sparing with their kisses.

Once again women are to have a chance to be wonderful. Colonel F. M. Montresor, Commander, Fixed Defences, Southern Command, has appealed to them to use their "subtle influence over men" to help increase the numbers in the three batteries of the Hampshire Heavy Brigade, Royal Artillery, T.A.

And the gallant Colonel, realising that the labourer is worthy of her hire and that "subtle influence," like legal oratory, functions more efficiently when suitably rewarded, has promised to send a cheque to the girl who bags the most "Terriers."

At a time like this, every girl who has in her the stuff from which pukka memsahibs are made, should ask herself: Am I using my subtle influence and my "perm" to the best advantage?

In other words, is she devoting these attributes to selfish ends—*i.e.*, to obtain cinema and pillion seats and assorted confectionery—or is she employing them for Mr. Hore-Belisha and country? Before answering, let her remember that she may one day be asked: "What did YOU do between the two Great Wars, mummy?"

Most members of the we-don't-want-to-lose-you-but-we-think-you-ought-to-go brigade must by now be fairly old girls (most of them always were), but they are doubtless ready to instruct their younger sisters in the approved technique of persuasion.

Also, there are men who are willing to do their bit as recruiting-sergeants in another direction. After all, we hear quite as much about a dearth of domestic helps as of a paucity of "Terriers." So if Winnie is to employ her subtle fascination to obtain men for the home defence forces, why should not Willie do likewise to augment the ranks of the Household Brigade?

There's women's work waiting to be done!

Mrs. "Gaga" Belcher (whose husband,
you must know,
Is Lieutenant-Colonel Belcher, of the
Gurkhas)
Offers a prize (a postal note for twelve
and sevenpence)
To any youth who, with the aid of subtle
influence,
Recruits this month the most domestic
workers.

So, Percy, ply your razor and make sure
your hair is oiled,
And don your hottest line in socks and
ties.
If to vamp you into khaki Gertie thinks
is fair enough,
Then you, my lad, should also start to
pull the Press Gang stuff
And win dear Mrs. "Gaga" Belcher's
prize!

Y. Z.

Let PALMOLIVE guard your beauty

The glamour of a youthful skin can be yours for years with Palmolive as your safeguard. For the olive oil in Palmolive keeps a complexion *naturally* fresh always. But nowadays a lovely complexion isn't enough—you must be "Schoolgirl Complexion all over." So you need Palmolive *with every bath*, and its gentle creamy lather will make your skin soft and supple from head to toe.

IF THERE'S ONE THING THAT'LL KEEP A LOVELY COMPLEXION SAFE, IT'S OLIVE OIL—THAT'S WHY I SAY PALMOLIVE!
FIVE YEARS! AND YOU'RE STILL AS LOVELY AS EVER! DO YOU KEEP YOURSELF IN A GLASS CASE?
PALMOLIVE
3d
per tablet

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The leading point in the diet is that Bread maintains energy and sustains the whole system while weight-reduction is in progress.

But there's more in it than that—

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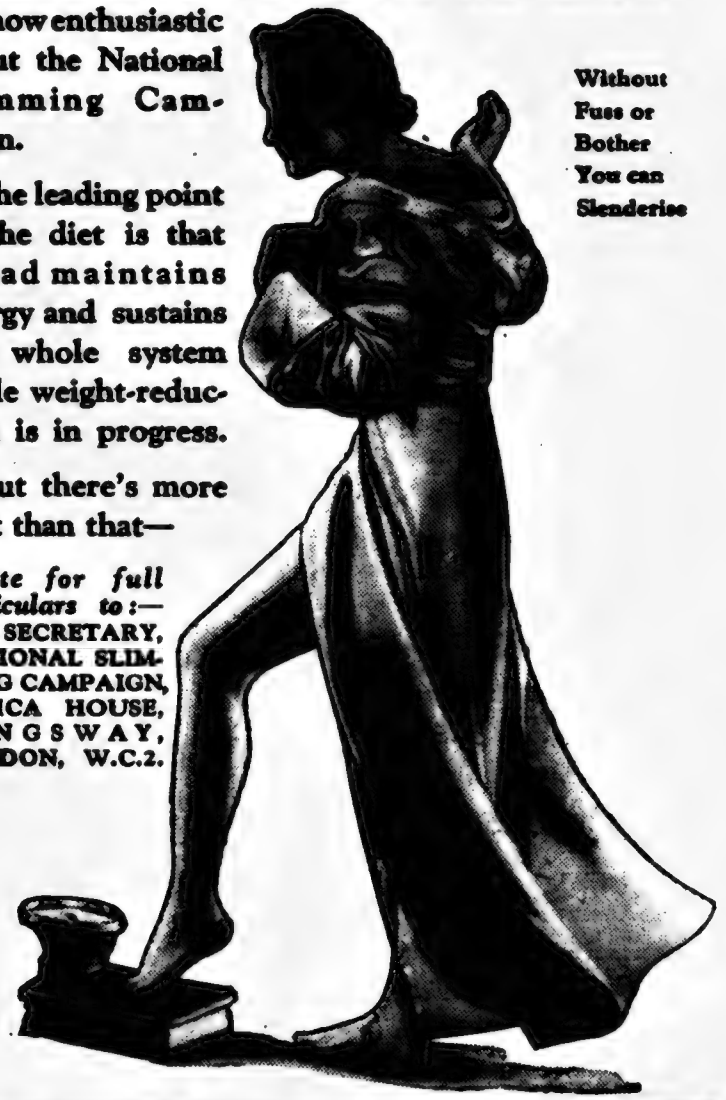

Without Fuss or Bother You can Slenderise

I EXPOSE THIS CHARLATAN—by SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

Sinister Prophet Denounced

Barefooted, and clad in purple robes similar to those worn by the prophets of old, "Prophet Christian" masquerades as a new Messiah

A STRANGE figure, who combines the attributes of a man of the world and one of mystic reverence, recently descended on London.

He gives out that he is no ordinary earthly figure, for he has a divine mission. He has been called on by the Supreme Power to work wonderful things for mere mundane people inhabiting this sordid world.

A man of well over fifty, he wears his hair long but beautifully trimmed. His face wears a wistful expression. A kindly smile lingers over his lips and a long beard adds to his general appearance of benevolence.

He wears flowing robes of velvet, drawn to his body by means of a crimson girdle. He goes barefoot like the evangelists in scriptural days, with the difference that his toe-nails are beautifully cut and polished.

This "Prophet Christian," as he calls himself, with robes girt about him, might, as far as appearance goes, have well stepped from one of the traditional pictures of the Lake of Galilee during the divine mission of our Lord.

* * *

When he preaches, or, indeed, when he talks to anybody, his big eyes look towards heaven as befits one who might have a divine mission on earth.

"I have come," he told a gathering in West London a short time ago, "to declare the Kingdom of God on Earth."

The "Prophet Christian" has developed the art of the religious mountebank to its highest point. He can always gather an audience round him. He is never without followers.

He has an appealing voice.

He can sense his audience and deliver himself of the most moving sentiments of devotion and appeals to holy life which the impressionable find hard to resist.

And as this is a sordid world where money is needed, these same followers have been known to give freely to their divine leader to enable him to live.

Now he wants to establish a headquarters from which he can spread his mission of redemption throughout the world.

But who is this "Prophet Christian"?

I find that before he came to London he was to be found at Weston-super-Mare.

There he founded his mission some two months ago.

Why Weston-super-Mare?

For the very good reason that with its broad stretches of sand, distant water, and occasional blue sky, it bore, as he declaimed, the nearest approach he knew in England to the Sea of Galilee.

* * *

One could conceivably imagine the disciples themselves walking slowly to and fro on the sand stretches engaged in deep conversation about the marvellous new teachings that had come to the world.

Supporters crowded round the new prophet. He received money, and, after a stay of a few days, he dramatically made up his mind that Weston-super-Mare was not, after all, the ideal place to establish his mission. He must go elsewhere where he could get the true call to found a "ministry."

First of all, the "call" urged him to Bristol. He obtained more support, but, for some reason best known to himself, did not linger long. Apparently, a bigger "call" brought him to London. He came barefoot, like the prophets of old—or so he says.

Enough of this. "Prophet Christian" is an impostor who is well known to the police.

They know him as an adventurer who has obtained money by various frauds and misrepresentations disguised under some mission or other of preaching the Word.

* * *

And when he made his first appearance on the sands of Weston-super-Mare, declaring his divine mission, and clad in evangelical robes, who would have believed that only a few days before he had been in jail?

Then he was patiently working out a lengthy sentence for fraud.

It was evidently while he served his sentence in Wandsworth Jail that the divine call he is now answering came to him.

Unfortunately, perhaps, the rules and regulations governing prison administration did not permit him to begin his new "ministry" by uplifting the minds of his fellow-convicts.

Previous to the sentence, the police had informed the court that the man led a "double life," and the judge decided he was "a danger to the public."

No further comment is necessary.

Taylor's Tall Tales

OVERDRESSED to a degree, but obviously a successful man, a person of about forty years of age, with a Cockney accent, giving his name as "Charles Taylor," called at the office of a provincial solicitor a few days ago to ask legal advice.

He wanted the lawyer in question to act for him in certain matters of conveyancing.

He did not hide the fact he was a self-made man. But he produced documents to show he was a bona-fide operator and no common trickster.

"Taylor" told his story with a devastating simplicity. He declared he had purchased several houses very cheaply in various provincial towns.

He had saved a long time to get a little working capital, and now he was reaping his reward. He did not speculate in large sums. He was content with modest returns on his outlay.

For example, here was a receipt for deposit from a local vendor for £35. The total cost of the property would not be more than £350—a real bargain.

The receipt was perfectly in order and Taylor readily gave the name and address of the vendor.

It was arranged he should call the following day and bring details of further deals.

Taylor kept his appointment and produced more documents. But he was obviously distressed. He showed the solicitor a telegram bringing the tragic news that Taylor's mother had died at Rhos-on-Sea.

Naturally he must leave at once, but he had no cash on account of deposits he had made that very morning on various properties.

* * *

The upshot is the solicitor advanced him five pounds on the strength of his story and the documents he had in his possession.

But neither Taylor, deceased mother, and, more important, the loaned fiver, have been traced at Rhos-on-Sea. Moreover, a letter sent to the alleged vendor was returned "not known." The documents which looked so genuine were spurious, and the vendor was non-existent.

Alas, this same Taylor has worked this dodge two and three times a day in the same town on small solicitors, hotel proprietors, boarding-house keepers, and tradesmen.

He has been known to make as much as £75 a week.

Not always as Taylor but under other simple aliases like Jones, Hill and Smith. For Taylor is one of those profoundly simple people who realise the disarming cleverness of simplicity.

Nevertheless jail is his proper place.

Garden City Rent Revolt

CLOSE to Manchester, on the Crumpsall Garden Village Estate, several hundred tenants are threatened with eviction because they refuse to pay rent increases ranging from 8d. to 1s. 3d. a week and because they organised a rent strike.

Notices reading "No Rent To-day" are affixed to the doors of 500 houses.

It has been my experience in cases of this kind that a body of people do not organise themselves in this way unless they have a real grievance.

Crumpsall Garden Village Estate belies its name. It is most emphatically not a garden. It is certainly not a village. Estate, in any case, is a matter of definition.

In actual fact, the area is a dreary collection of dreary houses, hemmed in by factories, a railway goods yard, an odoriferous dye works, and a ditch which is locally known as the River Irk.

Driving a motor-car down what passes for throughfares is an adventure, so deep are the ruts, so absent any attempt at a road surface.

As for the habitations, although built but three years ago, many appear to require immediate repair. There are cracks in the walls. Doors refuse to shut. My investigator found paper stuffed in a hole underneath a bay window to keep out the wind.

* * *

Against such conditions, accentuated by a demand for increase in rent, the tenants organised resistance.

Here is no attempt at bilking the landlord. On the contrary, the rent strikers have voluntarily paid moneys due into a thrift club, of which the rectors of two local churches, although they themselves are taking no active part in the dispute, are trustees.

Practically every householder on the estate belongs to the Local Tenants' Protection Association. Trouble began when Messrs. Roberts and Wood, the local agents, indicated rents were to be increased.

In spite of eviction threats for non-payment of rent, the tenants remain in possession, although they should have vacated their homes by the New Year.

When they entered into occupation, 500 of them were asked to pay £1 deposit and were informed the rent would eventually have to depend on the rateable assessment of the property.

For their part the tenants argue the last assessments were made in March, 1935, and they should have been warned many months ago in regard to any possible increase in weekly rent. The landlords do not recognise the tenants' association, and there is deadlock.

Furthermore, the tenants contend there has been no improvement in local amenities, that the roads and footpaths are uncared for, and there is no shopping centre.

If it comes to a question of evicting five hundred families the Manchester City Council will surely have a pretty problem on their hands.

* * *

If this case calls for conciliation, unquestionably five hundred poor families ought not to be allowed to live in continuous fear of eviction.

Already several actions have been brought by the landlords against tenants, and as a result twenty-four of them have been ordered to quit in a month, and costs of £170 have been awarded against them.

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MAKE MORE MONEY.
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THE BRITISH ARMY.
Vacancies exist in all branches. Good pay. Food, clothing and accommodation free. Opportunities for education, physical training and sport. Liberal holidays on full pay. Apply any Army Recruiting Office, address obtainable at Post Offices and Employment Exchanges.

SHEET METAL WORKERS wanted everywhere. Now is your chance to get into a Key Position. Our Postal course will make you efficient. Particulars free.—Dept. S.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

CUSTOMS AND EXCISE. Attractive careers offered to keen young men, aged 19-21. Commencing pay £3 8s. The Entrance Exam. is not difficult. For full details apply to B.T.I. (Dept. 501) 356, Oxford Street, LONDON W.1.

ENGINEERS, now is your chance to dig yourselves into a Key position and make your future solid. It needs Technical Training; we can give you that by post. Full particulars free.—Dept. D.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

ROYAL AIR FORCE
has vacancies for
AIRCRAFTHANDS.
No previous experience required.
Age limits 18 to 26.
Apply:—Inspector of Recruiting,
30, Kingsway,
London, W.C.2.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

RATE
10s. per line.
A line averages six words.
Minimum Charge 30s.

Advertisements with remittance must be received not later than noon on Wednesday, 8 days before publication.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 37-39, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES.—The 1938 Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, entrance exams., for all branches of the Service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171) 356 Oxford Street, LONDON W.1.

YOUNG Men physically fit should join the police. Study at home in your spare time. Special courses for Entrance and Promotion. Full particulars or advice about other careers, Commercial, Technical, or Civil Service, FREE. Dept. A.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

CARNIVAL GOODS. Balloons, Hats, Novelties, Decorations. Send for free bargain list.—"Uneedus," 70/72, Arundel St., Portsmouth.

WALLPAPERS FROM 2½d. ROLL. Patterns of BRITAIN'S BEST VALUE. Post Free. BRUCE & HALL (DEPT. J.B.) SOUTH SHIELDS.

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free.—Beck's British Carnival Novelties, 139, Upper St., London, N.1.

WALLPAPERS for Householders and traders from 2½d.; 250 patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. S), Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER.

JOHN INVESTIGATES
YES, IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH ARE BY FAR THE MOST COMMON CAUSE OF BAD BREATH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM GETS TEETH REALLY CLEAN!
I'LL CHANGE to COLGATE'S TODAY!

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special penetrating foam removes the cause—the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and all around the tongue.
At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel gently yet thoroughly. The regular use of Colgates makes teeth sparkle—gives a new brilliance to your smile!

THREE SIZES
6d 1/- 1/6d

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

PRINTING.—Billheads from 3/6 1,000; other lines cheap.—Samples Free with leaflets, "Business Helps." Crateway Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Advertisements inserted in 50 provincial newspapers or London Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 5/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaigns. Advice free.—Write for Prospectus 60 Buttolph & Dickson, 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. (Chancery 8113.)

START a Printing Business at Home and Earn Pound notes with the new Adana Machine. Cash or easy terms.—Write for interesting Free Book, "£ £'s from Print." For address see Adana advertisement top of page 2.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. — WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

DANCE NOVELTIES & ADVERT. BALLOONS LIST FREE. — NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES, Dept. (J.B.), 228, MILE END RD., LONDON, E.1.

WOOLS.—Knit from 2d. oz. Rug from 6½d. lb. Samples and Rug Guide free.—Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd. (Dept. 71), Newcastle-on-Tyne.

TYPEWRITER MARKET NEWS.
Purchasers will SAVE POUNDS by having our TYPEWRITER MARKET NEWS, giving lowest market prices of all machines.—Write, UNITED TYPEWRITER & SUPPLY CO., LTD., 70, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. 'Phone: Mus. 9131-2.

NIAGARA RAPID WINDOW CLEANER.
No steps required. Made to fit on any broom handle. Over one million in use in U.S.A. Agents wanted to call on shopkeepers. Samples and terms 4/- post free.
ANGLO-AMERICAN PRODUCTS, 67, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, E.C.1.

BARGAIN hunters should not overlook Bolsom's Furnishing offers on page 10. Fill in the coupon for free copy of their Furnishing Book De-Luxe.

BABY CLOTHES.—EXPECTANT MOTHERS, do not hesitate in obtaining your complete layette from me. Every garment beautifully Home-made from finest materials. Style and quality approved by Nursing Home and Welfare centres. 5/-garment. Layette with full-size Shawl, 20/-; or Superior Nursing Home Set, 42/-, including Bassinette, woollies, Silk Robe and Bandeaux shawl. Send 2/- for pcl. on approv. (Cash or Terms.)—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

FREE.—A Recipe Book and particulars of a marvellous way of cooking, the only logical way to conserve all the natural juices of meats, vegetables and fruits. Fill in the coupon in the NEW WORLD Gas Cooker announcement on page 23. No obligation is incurred. Full details of this method of the Regulo cooking and a free Recipe Book will be sent by return. Every housewife should apply at once. If you prefer, you can write, mentioning John Bull, to Radiation, Ltd. (Dept. 38a/6), 104, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

FREE.—Housewives, here's good news. Say good-bye to all old-fashioned methods of carpet sweeping, and the drudgery of hands and knees behind dustpan and brush. A Hoover makes spring-cleaning easy. For only 10/- down and small monthly payments you can get one now, but first of all get particulars of the model illustrated on p. 27 by filling in your name and address in the coupon for free illus. booklet, etc.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1938 SEED CATALOGUE. 144 pages, 250 photographs, 6 colour plates. Free to all readers mentioning John Bull.—Dobbie & Co., Ltd., Edinburgh, 7.

GARDENERS! Save money and buy direct from the Nurseries. A special offer appears in John Bull's "Shop Window" (page 3). Look for the advt. of Sharnbrook Nurseries, Ltd.

GARDEN Sheds made of everlasting wood! That's the kind you want. Also Greenhouses, Garages and all types of Portable Buildings, built to last a lifetime, prices from 37/6, or 2/- down. Turn to page 3 and note the advt. of Messrs. Robt. Hall & Co. (Kent), Ltd.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS. Drums and Access. Trumpets, Guitars. 1d. p.c. brings new 1938 65-p. cat. free. Easiest terms. Part Exchanges.—J. B. Raymond Co., 8, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.4.

YOUR Radio Set instantly converted into a super-Radiogram with the wonderful "Plus-a-Gram." You will find it illustrated in John Bull's "Shop Window" on page 3.

PIANO-ACCORDIONISTS. You can quickly master your instrument by the Hohner system of self-tuition. Send for the Free Book mentioned in advt. on page 3.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (520M), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

COLDS AND INFLUENZA quickly relieved by Cephos, the Physician's Remedy. Recommended by Doctors and Nurses. In Powders or Tablets. Send p.c. for FREE SAMPLE, CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. J.B.), BLACKBURN.

WEAK NERVES.—If you suffer from Weak Nerves, Depression, Worry, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, Shyness, etc., send for my free book.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.28), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.

FREE.—If you are run-down, lack energy, have a poor appetite, learn how you can gain new vigour by sending for a wonderful free booklet entitled "Iron Starvation, the Thief of Health and Strength." Write at once to the Iron Jelloid Co., Ltd. (Dept. J27), Watford, Herts, or fill in the coupon in the announcement on page 31.

A FREE Offer! — to all who are run down. A generous sample of Angier's Emulsion, the proved tonic which builds up health and strength, will be sent to all readers who fill in the coupon on page 29 or write, mentioning John Bull, to The Angier Chemical Co., Ltd. (Dept. K228), 86, Clerkenwell Rd., London, E.C.1. Attach 4d. stamp for postage.

A FREE trial of Magic Pile Cure is offered on p. 31 to readers who suffer from this complaint. Turn to this now.

FREE to sufferers from bad legs and all circulatory troubles. Fill in the coupon on the back cover for free sample of Elaste, the biological remedy, and a copy of a special free booklet, fully explaining the Elaste Treatment. Send the coupon now, while you think of it.

FREE.—A generous sample of FEEN-A-MINT, the safe, pleasant chewing laxative, is offered to every reader who sends a postcard, mentioning John Bull, to White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. D.2), 15, Thames House, Westminster, London, S.W.1. See page 25.

ACCEPT this free double offer. You can get a trial bottle of Vaseline Hair Tonic and also a Vaseline Soapless Shampoo if you write, mentioning John Bull, to Dept. W.J.B.3, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Consd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10. Simply enclose 2d. stamp to cover postage. Send at once for this perfect combination to improve your hair. Send for the free trial bottle and also free shampoo now. See page 26.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WRITE FOR PROFIT.
Send for free booklet.
Regent Institute (101C), Palace Gate, W.8.

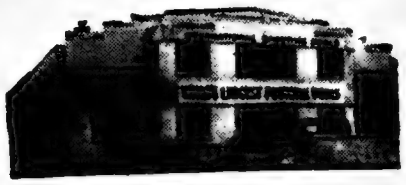
FREE.—"How to be happy and healthy in winter." An interesting free brochure can be obtained by all readers who write at once to Dept. J.B.7, Wilkin Jounau & Co., Ltd., North Circular Road, London, N.W.2. See special offer in Famel Syrup advt. on page 28.

NATIONAL Slimming Campaign. Would you like particulars of the Bread and Butter Diet? If so, write, mentioning John Bull, to the Secretary, National Slimming Campaign, Africa House, Kingsway, Ldn., W.C.2. See p. 14.

SUFFERERS from hair troubles can obtain a testing packet of Kotalko, the hair grower, and a tablet of Kotalko soap on receipt of 2d. and the coupon on page 33 filled in with your name and address.

WRITE, mentioning John Bull, to Benbow's Dog Mixture Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B., 2, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1, for free particulars of how to make your dog's coat grow healthy and bright by giving him Benbow's Dog Mixture. See page 22.

NAIL BITING.—Free booklet sent privately for 1½d. stamp explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit. — Filtex, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.1), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.



Imposing home of International Sporting Pools

Big Pool Cheque Sensation

WILLIAM JACKSON, of Cuffington Avenue, Brislington, Bristol, was a lucky fellow—or at least everybody in the neighbourhood thought he was.

By correctly forecasting four away wins in a pool organised by "International Sporting Pools," of Bath Road, Bristol, he had won the handsome sum of £1,506.

A photograph appeared in the local Press showing the happy Mr. Jackson being presented with a cheque for the sum mentioned by Mr. A. E. Chard, a director of International Sporting Pools.

There followed the customary interview to the effect that the lucky Jackson had no intention of frittering the money away. He had a mother who wanted to live in the country, and Jackson intended to buy her a bungalow, which he could visit from time to time.

Lucky chance in getting four away teams right had fulfilled the dreams of a hard-working clerk.

It all seemed so very convincing.

But was William Jackson really as surprised at the amount he had won as he was at pains to declare publicly? He might well be, for he won a sum of 30,138 times his stake. But I am inclined to doubt the fact.

For it so happens William Jackson was not a Bristol man in the accepted sense of the term until four weeks before his spectacular win.

* * *

At that time Mr. A. E. Chard had himself rented a room in Cuffington Avenue, Brislington, Bristol, for Jackson, and it was he who drove him to his lodgings in a motor-car.

During his weeks of occupation of the room, Jackson made no secret of the fact in talk with his landlady that he was employed at the offices of International Sporting Pools.

After he had received his cheque for £1,506, Jackson gave notice on the grounds that his work involved his going to several different towns. The landlady was a little annoyed, for Chard when he took the room for Jackson said he thought it would be for a twelve-month.

Jackson explained, "Mr. Chard had no right to say such a thing, for he knew it was not the case."

Meanwhile, the genuineness of the man's win in the football pool organised by International Sporting Pools of Bristol became open to doubt.

Pool rules almost invariably stress that employees of any pool-promoting concern and their families are ineligible to enter. Not so in this case.

For it so happens that "William Jackson" is really Mr. Fred Chard, brother of Mr. A. E. Chard, the director of the company. When the cheque was handed over, it was just a fraternal transaction.

* * *

The Chard family is quite well known in the pleasant Somerset town of the same name, where at one time their mother kept a fish shop.

Later on, Mr. A. E. Chard had a fish business at Ilminster, but it was closed down after a while. Mr. Fred Chard lived for a time with his sister, Mrs. Elston, at Burnham-on-Sea, near Weston-super-Mare. Mr. A. E. Chard had in the interim forsaken the fish trade in order to establish himself as an "Auditor and Accountant" at Oxford Street, Burnham-on-Sea.

When he embarked on International Sporting Pools of Bristol, it is interesting to note that the accountant's certificate was kept in the family, being signed by A. E. Chard and Co., Accountants and Auditors, of Burnham-on-Sea.

A convenient arrangement, surely, which permits Mr. A. E. Chard, accountant, of Burnham-on-Sea, to certify pools dividends of International Sporting Pools of Bristol, of which Mr. A. E. Chard is also an active director.

I am not surprised that local Bristol newspapers have refused to accept advertisements of this concern. They no doubt have their own very good reasons.

But advertising has been obtained through broadcasting results and particulars from Radio Normandie and Toulouse.

A recent accountant's certificate, signed by A. E. Chard and Co., announces the sensational dividend in the penny pool of £20,918 to clients who have fifteen correct results.

I shall be delighted to hear from those lucky winners, whose pleasure and satisfaction must be even greater than that of "William Jackson," who had to be content with a paltry £1,506.

* * *

People are being urged to enter this £1,000,000 football pool, although it is difficult to understand exactly what this sum of money indicates.

Is it to be inferred that £1,000,000 is the company's capital, or that a million represents a week's investments?

In view of the disclosure published here, the slogan "You cannot lose with International Sporting Pools" should deceive no one.

You Have Been Warned . . .

Doorstep Dangers

COMPLAINTS are reaching me about the operations of different door-to-door canvassers who represent firms which are stated to own publications of great use to the owners of small hotels and boarding-houses.

Payments are sometimes obtained by promises which never materialise, and clients discover very often that they have committed themselves for sums in return for which they receive little or no return.

* * *

Be on the look-out for E. and D. Publications, of 8-10, Stanhope Street, London, N.W., which is said to be publishing a magazine of great value to small hotel proprietors and boarding-house keepers.

According to representatives, for a matter of a mere thirty shillings subscription a year, the magazine undertakes to circularise prospective boarders and even send along parties of guests at intervals.

A Chelmsford woman fell for the bait and handed over money on the promise of guests. But the guests, of course, have never turned up. The canvasser who took the money, "Mr. E. Oakley," has not called again.

The fraud has been perpetrated in all parts of the country.

"E. and D. Publications" is quite bogus. It is run by an individual calling himself either Douglas or Moreton.

Scotland Yard and various local police authorities have received many complaints.

Oh, Frederica!

MANY years ago I saw a drawing of an Army surgeon bending over the bullet-riddled body of a wounded Sepoy. It was a tragic picture of devotion to duty on the battle-field.

But like so many tragedies it had its half-humorous side, for the object of the picture was to show a Sepoy's gratitude. Because of the services rendered by the surgeon to the wounded, the Sepoy had confided a great Hindoo "secret"—"known to every native woman"—of how to remove superfluous hair.

At the time I thought it a lot of bunkum. When I joined the staff of JOHN BULL I discovered many references in the files to this same story of the surgeon-major and the Sepoy, and how the secret remedy was being put on the market by Mrs. Frederica Hudson, widow of the gallant officer to whom this wonderful process was disclosed under fire.

* * *

Now this morning's post has brought me yet another communication concerning this remarkable remedy.

It comes from a correspondent who was informed by Mrs. Frederica Hudson (now a limited company operating from an address in the West End) on December 22 last that *unless she made up her mind quickly there would be only a slender chance of obtaining the Hindoo hair destroyer.*

News had come from her agent in India and Persia that supplies of the chief ingredients were getting very low and could not be renewed. He doubted even at that moment whether he could send any more without an increase of 50 per cent. in cost.

This letter of December 22, 1937, to my correspondent was "dictated" to one "H. F. F."

Strange as it may seem, I have in my possession a letter to another correspondent of an exactly similar kind, deploring the imminent shortage of the chief ingredients of the Hindoo hair destroyer prescription, also dictated to "H. F. F." and dated, if you please, August 22, 1930.

* * *

I find on further investigation that there was *danger of a shortage as far back as* 1923, although, when the company was formed in 1916, there was apparently an unlimited supply—a fact which one might assume when scores of millions of Hindoo women had presumably used it for centuries in accordance with the tenets of their faith.

Even so, the offer of a course of treatment of this wonderful remedy still holds good for fifteen days as from December 22, 1937, for the special sum of 17s. 6d. instead of the customary two guineas.

I know nothing about the merits or demerits of this depilatory, and I am not going to trouble to send a specimen of it to our laboratory for analysis. It may remove hair, or it may not. I am not greatly troubled about that aspect.

The point is there is a limit to which advertising can be permitted to go, and, in my opinion, it is improper to secure business by publishing nonsense of the kind indicated above.

My advice to Frederica Hudson, Ltd., is to get down to the business of selling its commodity, for whatever it may be worth, on the basis of straight advertising.

Your Watchdog Barks!

Think twice about wonderful "cures" for serious diseases offered by certain "health" centres. Always consult a qualified medical man.

* * *

For 10s., plus 20 per cent. of the proceeds, Frank Forsyth, of Stockwell Green, London, guarantees outright win of penny pool in several well-known football pools. Keep your 10s.

* * *

Many "property" firms offering to arrange mortgages take your preliminary fees but don't give you the mortgages. When in doubt write to "John Bull."

* * *

Beware of the weeping "widow." A pathetic figure on the pavement, she will declare her husband has just died and she must make a long journey to attend to his funeral. How can she do so without your charity? A very old dodge.

* * *

Notorious "tea bonus" fraud is again being worked by touts, particularly in N.W. London suburbs. Shut the door in their faces!

MUMMY SAYS—I'm the best advertisement for FRY'S COCOA

C.95.25138

Mother gives her Fry's . . .

because the valuable nourishment in Fry's helps to build up sturdy young bodies

and because Fry's is a particularly light digestive cocoa—and children love its chocolate flavour.

Splendid Free Gifts! *Coupons in every tin*

Just one of the many FREE GIFTS

TRUST YOUR DENTIST

KOLYNOS is known throughout the world as a tooth paste which cleans teeth without harmful bleaching action or unnecessary abrasion. For attractive teeth cultivate the twice-a-day KOLYNOS habit. Results will surprise you. Get a tube to-day.

1/9, 1/- and 6d. Of all Chemists and Stores.

—HE SAYS KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Accept this FREE OFFER

WOULD you like to try Angier's Brand Emulsion, the most invigorating tonic of its kind and a standard treatment for colds, coughs and catarrhal affections? A generous sample will be sent to all readers who fill in the Coupon on p. 29 or write, mentioning JOHN BULL, to The Angier Chemical Co., Ltd. (Dept. K.228), 86, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1. Attach 4d. stamp for postage.

WHY I USE NEW VEET ON MY ARMS AND LEGS

1. New 'VEET' ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.
2. New 'VEET' leaves the skin soft, smooth and white, without trace of ugly stubble.
3. New 'VEET' is a dainty white cream—sweetly scented and pleasant to use.
4. New 'VEET' avoids coarse regrowth—unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker. 6d. and 1/3.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in JOHN BULL carries with it a "money back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—TESTED JB—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in JOHN BULL.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in JOHN BULL and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of JOHN BULL.

WHY DIDN'T I TAKE 2 Tablets of Phensic

A cold cannot develop if you check it at the very first sign by taking PHENSIC. Cold germs are killed, poisons are expelled, vitality is increased. Take two tablets of PHENSIC at bedtime. By morning you will be cold-free. Get PHENSIC to-day! It cannot harm the heart. Prices: 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

—For— COLDS CHILLS 'FLU And all Nerve Pains —Take—

Phensic Brand

Pronounced "FEN-ZIK"

Quickest and Safest for COLDS and INFLUENZA

Daniel Corrigan—Hans Andersen of CRIME

No more picturesque scoundrel has ever been exposed in these columns than the dashing romancer whose exploits are here vividly described

★ ***GENERAL OF A MYTHICAL ARMY; GUN-RUNNER, RACEHORSE OWNER; FINANCIER; MASTER OF FANTASTIC FAIRY STORIES; BOGUS V.C.; AND £100,000 BANKRUPT.***

MAYFAIR, the heart of aristocratic society, has many mysterious inhabitants, but none more mysterious than a gentleman calling himself "Danny" Corrigan, who lives in style at No. 11, Park Lane.

Aged about fifty, with hair still curly, though thinning, of medium height but powerfully built, with an accent of the quasi-American type, blue and laughing eyes and a bland grin, he has made many conquests with the fair sex.

Indeed, the mantelpiece in the lounge of his flat is crowded with photographs of beautiful women.

He is likely to invite you to express your opinion of this bevy of beauty.

There is another aspect to his flat. To pass its threshold you must get past Bill, his powerful bulldog.

He is guard number one. Besides Bill, "Danny," as he likes to be called, has a bodyguard of two men to protect him.

In fact, he has a staff of three servants, besides a competent woman secretary.

The bodyguards, one of whom acts as chauffeur of his blue Mercedes car, are always in close attendance.

No one knows whence Mr. Corrigan came, or who he is. To his acquaintances he is obviously a man of the world, much-travelled, able to talk convincingly on many subjects, and especially on the art of making money.

Mammon is his creed. And when we say that we mean "big money."

Mystery Deals

Moreover, he is a philanthropist. So kindly is his disposition that he wants above all else to make money for his friends.

Everything is grist to his mill. Oil, gold and silver mines. Forests for wood-pulp. Armaments for foreign countries. A Continental casino and racecourse. Buying and selling of motor-cars. Bonds. Production of films. Manufacture and sale of war 'planes.

Nothing comes amiss to his busy hands.

One of his first activities—when established in Park Lane—was to approach a famous firm of British aeroplane manufacturers and to inform them that he was commissioned to purchase a fleet of fighting 'planes for Austria.

This was rather queer, because Austria, under the provisions of the Peace Treaty of Versailles, is debarred from possessing military airplanes. Mr. Corrigan blandly explained that Austria had nevertheless begun the establishment of a secret air force, Treaty or no Treaty.

He even talked figures. His original order would be in the neighbourhood of £900,000, and would make a good start with about 150 war 'planes.

But he became very mysterious when invited to give tangible details of this amazing purchase.

Coyly he refused the name of his backers, but volunteered the remark that people trusted him because "I act squarely by them and deliver the goods."

Nevertheless, the venture has got no farther.

Truth to tell, Mr. Daniel Corrigan has been for a considerable time inviting investments or backing for one or another of his glittering schemes.

On slender introductions he gets hold of persons and poses as the philanthropic financier with a big deal going through in which they can share.

He frequents very exclusive hotels and restaurants, and is altogether "Ritzy" and apparently wealthy.

A short time ago he met a man who was informed by "Danny" that he could make a big profit for him if he liked to invest a thousand or so in one of his big deals.

Matter of indifference to "Danny," but he talked "big money" effectively enough to induce his acquaintance to be almost persuaded to put up £2,000.

However, the latter put an enquiry through a trade protection agency, and learnt enough to satisfy him. So this "big profit" deal fell through.

Others have been less fortunate and have been advised by Corrigan, since his halcyon days in Park Lane, to invest large sums in his schemes which have failed to materialise.

Last July, under the name of "Dennis Corrigan," describing himself as a "general agent," he was prosecuted at Chelmsford Quarter Sessions for aiding and abetting in the landing of an "undesirable alien" into this country.

The evidence showed that Corrigan was so determined to get him here that, when all else failed, he rang up an officer in the immigration branch of the Home Office, and, pretending to be a Fleet Street journalist, asked if the alien could be allowed to leave the airport.

He was heavily fined.

Danny's Real Career

We can draw the curtain aside respecting this Park Lane capitalist, "Danny" Corrigan.

There are blanks in his career which may usefully be filled in.

To begin with, his real name is not Daniel Corrigan, but Michael Dennis Corrigan, which he also uses. Earlier he was known as Kettering Michael Cassidy.

His birthplace is somewhat of a mystery, but his upbringing was lowly. In 1915 he was serving as a second-grade steward on the *s.s. Kanowna*, having joined her at Port Said. He then gave the name Cassidy.

His seaman's discharge certificate gave him as born at New Jersey. Later he declared that he was born at Montreal or Cochrane in Canada.

At a later stage, when police enquiries were being made about him, he stated that he was born at Fermoy, Ireland.

He admitted, too, that he had described himself as an "ex-General of the Mexican Army." On occasion he posed as "Private (and Major) Cassidy, V.C."

He told a tale of how certain Mexican agents had threatened his life. However, investigations proved that Cassidy or Corrigan was quite unknown to the Mexican authorities.

He was not, and never had been, in the Mexican Army. Also, nobody of his name had taken up oil concessions.

This is interesting, because "Danny" has extracted large sums from various people by alleging the possession of rich oil concessions in Mexico.

In the years preceding he had lived in humble circumstances. In 1919 he deserted his wife and child in London. In 1926 he lived in Avenue Road, Hackney Downs, not an affluent quarter.

But in 1928 he became quite important. He had some big plan to fly the Atlantic, which failed to materialise.

Meantime, he became "engaged" to an actress of some note, whose mother was a wealthy woman.

In the following year, one dupe appeared for his public examination.

The unfortunate debtor attributed his position entirely to his association with "Michael Dennis Corrigan," whom he also knew as Cassidy.

It appears that Cassidy had induced him to part with large sums for alleged oil, gold, and silver concessions in Yucatan, Mexico.

Altogether he had advanced to him, or paid on his behalf for guaranteed debts, no less than £43,350.

Yet, not only did Cassidy possess no valuable concessions in Yucatan, but, on reliable information, had never set foot in that country.

Incidentally, he obtained the large sum of £20,000 from a lady to whom he told the usual story of "fortunes for friends."

She advanced the money for services in Central America in connection with gold bonds. Needless to say, the lady has never had a smell of her money since.

A receiving order was finally made against him. He absconded to Belgium, and was negotiating for a super-casino and racecourse.

The authorities suspected his bona fides, and on the charge of using a false name he was imprisoned.

Later, he was arrested in Paris, and after detention for three months was extradited and sentenced at the Old Bailey to five years' penal servitude on the charge of fraudulent conversion.

A police officer gave evidence that Corrigan, to the knowledge of Scotland Yard, had received at least £100,000 from victims, most of which was used for his own purposes.

His Colossal Debts

Over £10,000 came from the mother of the actress to whom he had become engaged!

Then Judge Gregory, who sentenced him, said he was merciless to his victims. And to Scotland Yard, his romancing abilities are such that he was known as the "Hans Andersen of Crime."

Not long before he took up his present aristocratic Park Lane abode he faced his public examination at the London Bankruptcy Court, where he had lodged belated accounts.

These showed liabilities of £66,650 and assets £300. Nevertheless, they showed, finally, debts amounting to £108,822, and his sole assets furniture worth £30 and a doubtful book debt.

Questioned as to this staggering debt, Corrigan advanced a most fantastic explanation. He said he had financed a mining engineer he called James C. Kelly to the tune of £50,000 for the acquisition of gold, oil and mining concessions.

All he could adduce was that he handed over the money in banknotes in hotels in Paris and London.

Mr. James C. Kelly still remains a myth, but the train of ruin in the wake of Corrigan still remains.

Other activities of this plausible rogue might be related. In 1927 he ran a racing stable at Kingsworthy, Hants, and lost £30,000 of other people's money. He was warned off the Turf.

He remains to this day an undischarged bankrupt in the name of Michael Dennis Corrigan. Is that the reason why he no longer uses these names but calls himself Daniel?

Wonderful Secrets

THIS week JOHN BULL announces a great new Presentation.

"The Miracle of Life"—a work of tremendous interest to every adult reader—a work that reveals the secrets and wonders of life itself!

Entirely new, this enthralling book, with its 500 amazing pictures, not only unfolds the mysteries and marvels of life in the air, in the seas, in the earth, but deals fully with all the astonishing riddles of human existence—from Siamese twins to changes of sex!

This is a book which all grown-ups should have. You would consider it well worth £1 1s. Yet it is yours, in rich library binding embossed in real 22-carat gold, *for only* 2s. 9d., *plus* 1s., *which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.*

The unusual nature of this work will create for it a big demand—you are advised to turn to the special four-page announcement and post the Reservation Forms at once.

£10,000,000 Race Against Time to Build—

In less than three months the Empire Exhibition is scheduled for opening by His Majesty the King. Just 500 working hours remain for its completion.

Here is the epic story of all the thought, work and wealth that is being combined to ensure its success.

ONCE every hour a man enters a wooden cabin in Bellahouston Park, Glasgow, and listens to reports from a battery of telephones.

"Good," "Fine" or "Not so bad," he murmurs into the instruments.

Then he takes a coloured pencil and puts a cross through a square on a chart.

There are about 500 of these squares still to be cancelled out on the queer diagram.

One square for every working hour that is left before the King opens the Empire Exhibition on May 3.

Scotland's engineers are on their honour to have the last of the 500 squares deleted not later than midnight on May 2.

Only 500 working hours! Many people say it is impossible that the greatest demonstration of artistic, mechanical and scientific skill and recreational display ever planned can be completed in that short time.

Those Scots engineers smile and say nothing. They have undertaken to build this mammoth Exhibition in less than half the time taken previously for anything of the same magnitude, and they will deliver it complete, wind and water-tight, according to promise.

Grand Manner

Their work is building up this week to its final crescendo. Out of what for months has been a No Man's Land, devastated by excavators, there is taking shape overnight a city which has everything that any other city has except bedrooms—with the same services of light and water, and so on, as a permanent city of half a million inhabitants.

There are still mountains of material lying about, great holes waiting to be covered with buildings or water, everywhere electricians spinning webs of wires in and under and over everything, and all day long a deafening din of hammering in an atmosphere that reeks with the smells of dust, petrol and paint.

But it is orderly chaos. Buildings that yesterday seemed like Euston or King's Cross railway stations lost in the fields are becoming monuments to the sense of beauty.

What until a few months ago was just an ordinary public park is now the casket of what will be the greatest exhibition of its kind the world has known—a playground and a market place conceived in the grandest manner.

But neither in Glasgow nor anywhere else in Scotland is it usual to hear it called the Empire Exhibition. They speak of it as the Show—the People's Show.

It deserves to be known as the People's Show. What more remarkable manifestation of ordinary folks' enthusiasm could there be than that, before the opening date, nearly a quarter of a million season-tickets at 25s. each will have been sold to men and women workers in the Clyde valley alone?

For months they have been making small weekly contributions to works and office savings clubs for the purpose. The employees of 3,000 big firms are buying tickets on the prepayment system.

Of course, as Scots, they have scented good value. A ticket is available for use every day for six months.

This rally of the workers, begun before even the first spade was put in the earth, has practically protected the Exhibition against financial loss.

Rich people who guaranteed it to the extent of £750,000 a few days after the appeal was sent out have now no anxiety about being called upon to disgorge.

More than £10,000,000 is being spent on the Exhibition. Since Prince Albert's Crystal Palace exhibition in Hyde Park in 1851, no undertaking of the kind anywhere in the world has ever been able to make ends meet. This Scottish one will do so.

It will also be the first exhibition held anywhere to which visitors will be taken by tramcar to the entrance gates, two miles from the centre of Glasgow.

And so democratically organised that it will be possible for a husband and wife to spend a day there at a total outlay of 5s. *for both*—to include transport through the city, admission, food and drink.

The cautious money-minds of the civic governors of Glasgow have been affected by exhibition fever.

Going Gay

Nonchalantly, they have given orders for a hundred new omnibuses at a cost of £180,000, and for a thousand new tramcars at £3,500 each — vehicles with interiors superior to the palatial first-class compartments of the famous luxury trains.

There are already two railway stations at the Exhibition site. For safety, the Glasgow Corporation is building a third as well as reconstructing the other stations on the municipal underground railway and providing it with brand new rolling stock.

Parking places for 10,000 motor-cars have been laid out. A fleet of river taxis for use on the Clyde is being specially built. Never has Glasgow known such extravagance—but every pound spent is earmarked to come back with a dividend.

"Wrecking records," they call this in the North. The justification is already apparent not only from the measure of support assured at home.

Every day the travel agencies send in rich reports about immense bookings from all parts of the world. It has been thought necessary to set the policemen of Glasgow to learn foreign languages.

Glasgow is going smart for her Show. The face of the city is being lifted. Her battalions of colonial and foreign visitors until next October will find the exterior trappings far from so disheartening

The Empire's Greatest Show...

and depressing as memory or tradition may lead them to expect.

Householders, at their own expense, are removing the soot of years, and never has there been such sale of paint in Scotland. Hotels and restaurants and the people in the shopping and trading centres are beginning a riot of competition in gaiety and display.

No one visiting the Exhibition will ever be able to say that there was difficulty in getting lodging or food.

A census of accommodation has been taken in a radius of 40 miles from the city; already 25,000 rooms are available, and the list is increasing at the rate of 5,000 a week.

New hotels and boarding-houses are opening, and most of the existing establishments are being enlarged and modernised. The coast towns, within an hour's run, will be great dormitories.

Restaurants and tea rooms in Glasgow have been so organised as to be capable of supplying 120,000 meals simultaneously four times a day for twenty-six weeks. One firm alone has undertaken to provide 30,000 meals a day.

The gourmet and the gourmand will both be well served at the Exhibition itself. But the catering for the masses has been so planned that a two-shillings meal will be almost an extravagance.

Arrangements are in hand for a million children to attend the Exhibition under special conditions. This week representatives of all the railway companies are to visit every secondary school in the country to organise parties for which the schools of Glasgow will serve as hostels and feeding centres.

Attendance at the Exhibition—expected to be not less than 20,000,000—would be very much larger if Sunday opening were possible.

This is not to be, because the ancient Sabbath Observance Acts have been invoked, regardless of the fact that the Exhibition is primarily an educational enterprise and might be treated for Sunday opening like museums and art galleries.

In consequence, a regular Sunday attendance by 120,000 shop assistants and entertainment workers, who will be serving visitors throughout the week, has to be forgone.

Some irony in this for the Church—which opposed Sunday opening when the Exhibition was first decided on. Since then the three principal religious denominations in Scotland have built very fine churches in the Exhibition grounds. Now they find that the churches will have to be closed for worship on Sundays!

Those who have seen the Exhibition take shape in the last few weeks have been amazed at the smallness of the teams of workers who have brought it into existence on the spot.

Its great Palace of Engineering—an exhibition within an exhibition, larger than Buckingham Palace and capable of containing two Trafalgar Squares in its 1,300 tons of steel walls—has, for instance, risen in a few hours with the help of forty men.

Palaces

How has it been done? Quite simply. While the uninspiring work of digging and draining and road-making has been in progress, the Exhibition proper has been fabricated in sections at the steel works miles away. Everything has reached the park ready-made.

The creation of the Exhibition has been merely the stringing of the bones together.

Only twenty men have been required to raise the huge Palace of Industry, covering nearly three acres.

The popularity of this Palace has been embarrassing. Again and again it has had to be enlarged to accommodate the exhibitors clamouring for space.

The Exhibition of a Hundred Palaces and Pavilions. That is what it will be remembered as in the history of international displays, even when its streets of shops and kiosks and restaurants and its vast dance halls, conference and concert rooms, cinemas and so on, are forgotten.

Each of the pavilions of the Dominions and Colonies, of the British Government and Scotland will be an exhibition in itself.

Its Palace of Arts promises to display the finest gathering of the works of masters, old and new, ever known.

Tower of Empire

Women are to have a pavilion of their own, not only with fashion, beauty, child-welfare and home interests in the foreground, but housing specimens of the work and handicrafts of the women's organisations throughout the Empire which among them have a membership of hundreds of millions.

For the first time Eire is to take its place at an Empire Exhibition among the free peoples of the Commonwealth.

But one plot of ground still vacant is a commentary on the times. It has been hoped to build on it a Peace Pavilion. The building cannot be gone on with yet because the appeal for funds has failed. Only a few thousand pounds are required. The sum is not forthcoming.

In supreme dominion over the palaces and pavilions is the Tower of Empire—Tait's Tower it has been named, after the architect.

The Exhibition is built on a parkland of 175 acres around and on a wooded hill. From the crest of the hill the Tower rises in an unbroken sweep to a height of 300 feet—an engineering freak if ever there were one. Thin as a blade, only 25 feet square at the base and eight feet wider at the top, it seems to be no more than an ornament.

Yet it will contain the fastest lifts ever used in Europe, could resist a wind pressure of 700 m.p.h., and its observation platforms at the top will give 600 visitors a view to the southern fringes of the Highlands 50 miles away.

When completed it will be the tallest steel-encased structure in Europe, built on the anchorage of a 3,200 tons block of concrete, the biggest ever produced.

At night the flood-lighting of its blue and silver outline will be seen half across Scotland.

Bellahouston Park is being used for the Exhibition on condition that not one of its trees is demolished or damaged. This set the architect of the extraordinary stream - lined Tower an amazing problem when he came to design restaurants in its lower sections.

He has turned the ban to artistic account by arranging that visitors will have their meals among the tree-tops. The living branches of the trees come up through the floors!

Magnificent will be the approaches to the Tower—by double flights of stairs 400 feet long—with cascades pouring down the hillsides . . . seventeen waterfalls dropping a hundred feet . . . lakes . . . fountains that pour out 12,500 gallons of water a minute . . . courts of honour.

And for spectacle at night, the old idea of white, unchanging light has been elaborated beyond recognition. There will be colour, plenty of colour—green, blue, red and yellow, changing and intermingling and composing a wonderland among the trees, the millions of flowers and on the waters.

Amusements? Well, a park of sixteen acres has been laid out for that purpose alone at a cost of £240,000. The fair grounds of Wembley and Coney Island will be eclipsed in the provision of sensations of enormous speed with complete safety.

One part of the Exhibition will be visited more than any other. It will be the Highland clachan—complete with burn and loch, ruined castle and thatched cottages.

To build it engineers went to Skye, the Outer Hebrides, Argyll and Sutherland, and obtained exact reproductions of the native dwellings by means of gigantic plaster casts, from which moulds have been run out.

From May to October Scotland will receive the limelight of this Exhibition in no spirit of vainglory, but in pride of achievement. The citizens of Glasgow have undertaken a great and grave responsibility. To their enterprise and courage the tableau of Empire will bear stately witness.

LL-EMPIRE ROUTE TO GLASGOW!

Pencil-thin, rising to 300 feet in an unbroken sweep from a hill summit, the Tower of Empire in Bellahouston Park, Glasgow, will from May to October be the focal point of the British Commonwealth of Nations. It is the sentinel over the Exhibition of a Hundred Palaces and Pavilions.

Sequels to Great Novels by Famous Authors

★ This complete short story adds a pleasing sequel to "The Shipbuilders," epic novel of Clydeside by

George Blake

"His eyes took in the scene with greedy understanding"

A Launch Took Place

FROM the moment he had watched the rear lights of the Night Scot swing out of sight over the bridge, lights which betokened the departure of the Boss and all his hopes of seeing Pagan's shipyard come to life again, Danny Shields had to wait two years and one month before he got a job.

The Clyde was slow to recover from the Depression, and shipyard foremen looked twice at middle-aged riveters gone soft on the dole and out of touch with the new machines.

But there came at last a rush of orders—cargo-carriers, even liners, and then, with rearmament, troopships, tankers, destroyers, cruisers, and two monstrous battleships. The grey sterns hung over the water along miles of the river's banks.

So Danny was taken on to make up a squad in Coghills, where they specialised in destroyers and submarines, building them with a fine air of secrecy under glass-roofed sheds.

A cushy job this, thought Danny as, his heart bursting with pride regained, he punched in at the gates that first morning.

His squad was to start on H.M.S. *Argent*, a super-swift flotilla leader of the new programme. As the men picked their way through the litter of the yard in the grey of the early Spring morning, he gloated with an artist's joy on the sweet line of her already completed hull, and could have burst out singing to think that he was again to have a hand in the making of a fine ship.

With his mates, he climbed up ladders and over stagings to get to their allotted job on the upper works. He found himself ecstatically feeling the weight of the automatic machine in his hands. Grand to be on the job again and at last!

★ ★ ★

He was on it for the space of precisely forty minutes.

Danny saw it coming to him. In a pause he was idly watching a great geared wheel being carried along under the glass roof in the almost human grip of a travelling crane. He was thinking how beautifully it would be lowered into the bowels of the ship and exactly fitted into its place on the shaft. Then he saw it fall.

It crashed on the unfinished structure of the bridge. The staging above that on which he kneeled reared up one of its ends absurdly and came down, tearing and smashing. He saw no more for a long time.

His first vague and sickly impression was of the red screens drawn closely about the bed, and he knew what that meant.

Slowly and painfully he discovered that he could move his left arm, and the roving hand found all his right side stiff with bandages and splints, his neck bound thick and tight, his head a ball of dressings. But for that free left arm, he was helpless in complete rigidity.

★ ★ ★

He had to consider very carefully the question of whether he was in pain or not. It was something wrong with his head that made it difficult. But no—all that smashed right side was just numb.

The pain was in the head itself—a screwing of metal against his temples, an agony sharper than toothache inside the head itself.

Danny Shields cried a little. It was not fair, that pain. Then he called himself a big Jessie, realising that the pain was only part of the trouble. The trouble was that he had got a job and lost it—just like this, smashed like an orange, useless and frustrated.

A terrible sadness came upon him as he lay there alone. They seemed such a waste, these last six years of his life. And he had failed Billy, his own Billy!

In his weariness Danny did not think of his wife Agnes, who had left him long ago for a richer and flashier man. He did not think of his elder son Peter, whom he had long ago dismissed even from his mind as a work-shy lout.

Not even did he think of Jess and her bairns, the woman he loved and lived with. Only the dear picture of bright, fair-haired Billy was in his mind.

He had meant so much, he had hoped so much, for Billy—that thoughtful, clever, loyal boy, of whom his teachers said he would go far if he only got his chance. How he had dreamed of getting the boy his chance!

It had come at last. A job, good wages, savings. Between himself and the keen shape of H.M.S. *Argent* he had seen Billy going to the secondary school in good clothes, Billy walking like a toff through the university gates, Billy doing something big and getting out of the grey morasses of manual labour. . . .

Now this—this defeat and desolation—after forty minutes on the job! God, but it was a tough break!

Under his sadness another part of his mind kept wondering what time of day it was . . . how long since he had been smashed up . . . when a nurse would come. The lights in the ward were low . . . it must be evening.

★ ★ ★

He was nearly drowsing off again when a whisper near at hand—it might be from the next cot over the screen—roused him to attention.

"Doonan!" it said persuasively; then again, "Doonan!"

"What is it?" came a more distant whisper.

"Are ye much hurt, Doonan?"

"I might be worse, to tell you the truth," confided the mysterious Doonan. "Not so bad as that poor lad behind the screen, anyways."

"Jerry was a right mug to let that wheel slip when he did," persisted the first voice. "He might have seen his comrades were there."

"Ye can call yerself a martyr to the Cause, Jake!" softly chuckled the man called Doonan. "He did the job, all the same. That wee bit smash has held up their bloody work for a week or two."

Danny, listening, found that his head was suddenly clear—and that his heart was in his throat—and that his mind was working.

So these two whisperers had been in the accident with him. There was little enough in that. But they *knew* that the accident was to happen.

A strange word floated into Danny's mind. Sabotage. He knew that it could be worked. He had seen it worked, but only in the course of a bitter industrial strike, masters and men—in the old days.

This was another thing. If he had heard aright, this was political. A ship of war—the Cause. . . . It fitted with what he knew, what he had heard of a Cause, mysteriously financed, internationally organised, sworn against the wars of the capitalists, recruited from all nationalities.

Often enough he had laughed at the orators round Andersten Cross, and laughed still more loudly at the bogey-men and their rumours and portentous threats. But if it was true, and this the real thing, after all. . . .

"Doonan!" whispered the voice again.

"What is it, ye blethering fule?"

"Is everything ready against the day of the launch?"

"Their fine ship," came the chuckling whisper of Doonan, "will ayther turn on her side or hit the other bank of the river before she iver flies the British flag."

When the night nurse came at length she took it that her new patient was delirious, so strangely did he babble, and in such a fierce, hoarse whisper, of his son Billy, of a ship in danger, of hurrying up, and again of this Billy he must see at once. His pulse was at once fast and weak.

The nurse tried to soothe him, thinking

(Continued on page 24)

You shut the door on Winter when you step inside!

What a treat it is, on a dull and dreary Winter day, to arrive home and step into a house made so bright and cheery with Mansion Polish. All thoughts of Winter's gloom are quickly dispelled by the welcome brilliance of the Floors and Furniture and you make your way to the fireside with a sense of well-being and happy content.

TINS 3d., 6d., and larger sizes.

MANSION WAX POLISH

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINOLEUM

MP/PM/37

SORE THROAT EPIDEMIC

Is Gargling any Good?

How often do we hear or say this sort of thing? Resigning ourselves to colds, making up our minds to them as something we can't escape. Haven't you heard of Milton? Right now before someone plants his cold on you, take action. Give the sufferer Milton gargle—get him to spray his nose with Milton or sniff it up the nose. A half-teaspoon to a tumbler of warm water for the gargle, a quarter teaspoon (not more) to a tumbler for spraying the nose. Used in these ways Milton brings untold relief—cleans out the bacteria-laden mucus from nose and throat—eases soreness, clears away stuffiness and headache. Gargle with Milton yourself and you defeat the cold germs before they reach you. Remember these germs enter and attack through the mouth and nose. Milton kills them at once. And Milton is safe—it can't harm the most delicate mucous membrane—it soothes, heals, cleans.

Here is what Mrs. E. P., of Burridge, Hants, says about Milton:

"Just lately there has been an epidemic of sore throats round here, and many I have told of Milton it has cured. I always use Milton directly there is a sign of cold or cough, one gargle puts me right. I also find it very good for teeth, splendid for sore mouth or stuffy nose."

Get a bottle of Milton to-day, before colds begin in your house. A 6d. bottle will save you many a cold. You'll find it useful in lots of other ways as well. For cuts and abrasions it's marvellous—both healing and antiseptic. Better—and much less painful than iodine—the kiddies don't even wince when you put it on.

PARTNER

in a business that sells leisure to housewives

HE is one of a team of salaried Hoover men—a partner in the greatest electric cleaner organization in the country. He and his fellows are helping to build a world in which freedom from drudgery plays a bigger part. That is why hundreds of thousands of housewives remember these men as friends, as men who have done them a really good turn. Ask a Hoover owner—not one would go back to the old work-ridden days.

Then why, oh why, do *you* still slave away at back-breaking jobs that leave you tired out before lunch-time? Why do you put up with that old and inefficient cleaner? Trade it in, in part exchange. For only 10/- down and 4d. a day you can have your Hoover.

Take a firm stand. Give the Hoover man a hearing. Now— before Spring Cleaning!

By Appointment

By Appointment

The HOOVER

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

It BEATS... *as it Sweeps... as it Cleans*

COUPON *to Hoover Ltd., Dept. X.1, Perivale, Greenford, Middx. Please send me without obligation your booklet describing all Hoover Electric Cleaners,*

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

YOUR OLD CLEANER TAKEN IN PART EXCHANGE

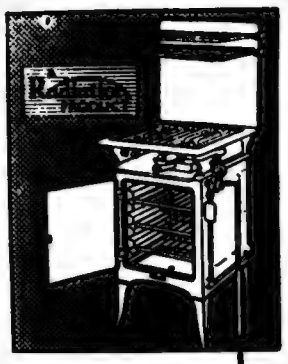
The HOOVER JUNIOR

10/- DOWN

Cash Price £10.15

Cleaning Tools £2.2.6

7 in the 'Regulo' triangle— and a whole dinner, perfectly cooked, for the table!



"Although I am not a very precise sort of person I find precision cooking so delightfully easy that I don't even have to bother about being precise. Now, I ask you, what could be easier than to place the whole meal in the oven—joint, vegetables, and sweet—and forget all about it until it's time for it to come out again, then collect compliments for my marvellous cookery? In a way it doesn't seem fair; but I must confess I like it."

Precision cooking is the only logical way to conserve all the natural juices of meats, vegetables and fruits, so necessary for the building-up of a healthy nation. And the key to Precision Cooking is the number in the little triangle on the 'Regulo.'

NEW WORLD

Regulo-Controlled Porcelain Enamelled

GAS COOKERS

SEE THEM AT YOUR GAS SHOWROOMS

It is NOW your turn to change over to PRECISION COOKING

May we send you full particulars of Precision Cooking and a Recipe Book—free and post free. If so, fill in and post this Coupon.

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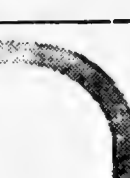
To Radiation Ltd. (Dept. S 24/8) 164 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

Hair that fascinates

Don't put up with dry, stringy, or brittle hair! A quick massage with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic always before you shampoo will make your hair lustrous and appealing.

IF you're discontented with your hair, if it seems dry, lifeless and gets 'scurfy,' it means you've got DRY SCALP.

• But don't worry — 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic quickly ends this DRY SCALP condition.



• *Just do this always before you shampoo.* Part the hair and sprinkle a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on to your scalp. Massage it in with the fingertips. When your scalp feels relaxed and tingly shampoo with 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo. It's *soapless*, which means you get no powdery scum left in your hair. Your hair gleams with new lights and 'sets' beautifully.

• Even one treatment with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic improves your hair. With a regular massage each week, dryness and scurf will disappear. Your hair will look rich, soft and glamorous!

• Here's a tip. Whenever your waves are unruly or you want a special shine on your hair, just a hint of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on the brush will do the trick. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is so economical — you need only a little for a massage. Two sizes, 1/6 and 3/- (3 times as much in larger bottle). 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo 4d.

(Prices not applicable to Eire.)

FREE: A trial bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic and a 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo. Just send 2d. in stamps to cover postage with your name and address to Dept. 2123 Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

PS. *Don't forget to use 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo*

4764

A Launch Took Place

(Continued from p. 22)

to herself that he could not live till morning, but he went on with his raving till she became alarmed and slipped out between the encircling screens with a comforting but insincere "All right, now. All right."

She returned with a youngish man in a white jacket. That pleased Danny. A man would understand. The house surgeon, feeling for the wrist, bent over the bed with a queer tenderness and said in a deep, steady voice, "What is it, old boy?"

"Billy, my wee son. . . . Tell him his daddy wants him. They'll wreck the ship. They're no' to wreck the ship. She's a bonnie ship. Bring Billy. . . . I want to tell Billy."

"Yes, we'll get Billy," the doctor said softly.

He lifted his head and nodded briefly to the nurse, who disappeared once more.

"That's all right now, old son," said the doctor. "Billy will be here soon. I think you should try to sleep now. I'll stand by for a bit."

Danny closed his eyes with relief. That toothache inside his forehead was back again. Lord, but it would be good to pass out altogether and forget everything for ever! But that he just must not do. Hang on till Billy comes. After that it wouldn't matter. . . .

They did not understand, this doctor and that nurse. ". . . where his father lies dangerously ill . . ."—they thought it was that sort of thing. Well, let them. It would bring Billy all the sooner.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"Nearly nine o'clock at night," said the doctor. "But lie quiet."

"When was I hurt?"

"This morning. Now do lie quiet, old man."

★ ★ ★

That was all right. Billy would still be out of bed, busy over those books of his, his young forehead all wrinkled in that way he liked. Those others would have their dirty work stopped in time.

Danny dozed at length. He was stirred only by a touch on his free left hand. He looked up with a wry smile into a familiar and beloved young face.

"Billy! Billy, lad . . ." he whispered.

The doctor rose and left them alone together. "You're bad, daddy," said the boy with a tremble in his voice.

"Never mind that, son," said Danny impatiently. "I'll be all right. But, listen. Come nearer. . . ."

He started to whisper intensely into the small ear bent near his mouth.

"Find Mr. Paterson, the yard manager at Coghills. You'll get the address somewhere. The telephone book. . . . Listen now, sonny. Go to his house. Aye, to-night—at once! It's a bad business. Tell him . . ."

Swiftly, putting into it the very last ounce of energy left to him, Danny Shields told his son what he had heard that night and what he feared. His mind was for that supreme moment as clear as crystal. In the moment of clarification—before death, it might be—he gave his boy an ordered and detailed message to the man responsible for H.M.S. *Argent*.

"Do you understand, son?" he asked, faltering at length.

"Yes, daddy," said the boy, screwing his face to keep back tears. "I'll go now."

They were Scots, and they did not kiss.

The doctor returned.

"You'll have to go now, son," he said to Billy kindly. "You can come again to-morrow night. As for you, old son. . . . Look, he's sleeping already!"

When Billy was gone, doctor and nurse glanced at each other across the cot.

"I doubt it," said the house surgeon, answering an unspoken question. "You'll have to watch him like a hawk. . . . I'm sorry about that kid. He seemed a clever boy."

High on the hill above the river stood the hospital. Danny Shields gasped with pleasure when they wheeled his cot into a big private room and up to a window.

★ ★ ★

From there he could see the ship channel, a whole range of shipyards with their soaring gantries, and, in particular, the bunting above Coghill's sheds that told of a launch about to take place.

"There you are, Shields," said the young doctor. "A room of your own, thanks to Sir Herbert Coghill. He's our Chairman of Governors, you know. You seem to be a pet of his."

"Me!" cried Danny sardonically. "Sir Herbert never heard o' me in his natural."

"Well, these were his orders. . . . Anyhow, you'll be comfortable. And don't go and excite yourself. You're a dashed lucky man to be alive. See you later."

This is great, thought Danny, left alone. A fine quiet room, a fire burning, and all the interest of the river under his eyes. These eyes took in the scene with greedy understanding. The tide was nearly full.

In imagination he could see the party on the launching platform: the surpliced chaplain who must bless every one of His Majesty's ships before they take the water; the happily excited lady, probably the Admiral's daughter, who would raise the ribboned bottle and smash it against the bow-plates.

Then the shouts below the hull, the thud of hammers on wood, the grinding of the cradle on the ways, the coils of smoke from the heated grease, the cheers, the peace that strangely follows a launching.

Danny cried out when, from his eyrie, he did see H.M.S. *Argent* take the water—a small, distant grey shape stepping into the river sweetly, checked sharply by the chains, collared by the tugs—a perfect launch, another fine ship out of the river.

Feeling happily tired, he lay back. He was a little sad, too, thinking that this was perhaps the last ship in the making of which he was to have a hand. The young doctor always dodged his anxious questions. . . . Billy. It was a pity about Billy. . . .

He came out of his light doze to see the white jacket and smiling face of the house surgeon above him.

"Somebody to see you, Shields. Sir Herbert Coghill. Now, don't try to rise."

Danny was miraculously alone with the great man, a captain of the industry.

Sir Herbert paced the room, talking quietly.

"You saw the launch, Shields? Nothing wrong with that, was there? Thanks to you. That was a grand piece of work. Intelligent. When you were in a pretty bad way, too. . . ."

"You got them, sir?" Danny asked eagerly.

★ ★ ★

"Every man-jack," replied Sir Herbert crisply. "Four of them—and those two beside you in the accident ward. Enough to do a lot of damage, all the same. We are grateful to you, Shields. You'll be all right, you know, whatever happens. My directors . . ."

Danny mumbled inarticulately, but Sir Herbert continued to pace the room as if preoccupied. Suddenly he stopped in his tracks and spoke in that clipped, nervous way of his, as if he were shy.

"Another thing. . . . That's a good boy of yours. Paterson brought him along to me that night, and he told his story most intelligently. Good stuff there. I'd like . . . if you don't mind . . . well, we'd like to give him a chance."

When the house-surgeon came back at length, Danny's temperature was up two points, and the doctor threatened him with another month in bed. Then they winked at each other.

Next week's "sequel" short story will be about the characters in "Bengal Lancer," world famous as book and film.

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"My wife cracked up in November with bronchial pneumonia, and is still bedfast and under the doctor. She kept on her feet until she just could not stand. I try to hide my own defects to keep her spirits up, but it is a hard job when you have no kit-bag to pack your troubles in.

"The ages of my girls are 14, 11, 9 and 7 years, and they have to keep indoors practically all day as their clothes are in rags."

Donations earmarked "Elizabeth," or for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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CROSSWORD No. 95.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON page 26 is presented the ninety-fifth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on once Entry-square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, February 24, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which is obtainable as instructed on page 26. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

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My Favourite Hero—by Lesley Storm

A Man with TRUTH in his Eyes

IN the course of the years my fiction heroes have changed. I have, I think, passed through every phase from the fairy prince to the "Mountie" of the North-West and the romantic mystery man hiding his secret sorrows in the Foreign Legion.

At fifteen or sixteen I had Virgil's Æneid on the top of my desk and Ethel M. Dell underneath, or sometimes, ultra-daring, Virgil was the cloak for one or other of Mrs. Elinor Glyn's very polished and glamorous gentlemen.

All that passed. Polished glamorous gentlemen never came my way in real life, nor did I encounter anyone with a jaw like the Rock of Gibraltar as Miss Dell had led me to believe.

I discovered that men were not a race apart. They had the same weaknesses, and vanities, and uncertainties as we women have.

They were the same, in fact—with their faults and virtues a shade more exaggerated.

Since that slow but persistent discovery I have always liked men, preferring most of them to most women.

When I sat down to write this article I thought back over the years to the fiction heroes who were my favourites at various phases. None of them seemed to fill the bill now.

★ ★ ★

It may be that, at this stage of my life, I look, in spite of myself, for the domestic virtues rather than glamour—knowing from looking around among my friends that a man may have a first-class mind, considerable charm and many of the social gifts and still be a trial in the home. It may be a dull, pedestrian point of view, but there it is.

So, from the everyday human angle my vote goes to Mr. Longfellow Deeds.

You remember him? The shrewd, likeable, quizzical hero of "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," whose personal integrity made even his judges look around and wonder what was the matter with the world as they knew it.

In choosing Mr. Deeds I know that I lay myself open to be asked "Was it really the character of Mr. Deeds, or was it the lure of Gary Cooper as Mr. Deeds?"

To that I would answer that I have seen Gary Cooper in other and possibly more romantic rôles—as Wild Bill Hickok in "The Plainsman," for example. And I would add, too, that I am no film fan.

I like a good film but I am no star-enthusiast. I find myself looking on, quite unmoved, at the antics of men and women with most of the personality groomed out of them, standing on the exact spot where they have been told to stand, turning their heads to an exact angle as if they were directed by a ship's compass, and using the exact tone of voice prescribed for them.

So it is not Gary Cooper, admirable though he was in the part. It is Mr. Longfellow Deeds as created by his author.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Deeds of Mandrake Falls was a happy man. He was young, healthy and content. He was something of a poet and something of a dreamer. The complex and doubtful pleasures of the sophisticated life didn't mean a thing to him.

He had the clear-eyed outlook, the straight, simple point of view of those whose faith in life has never been shaken.

Then Fortune came smiling. She planted twenty million dollars in Mr. Deeds' lap—and plenty of books have been written to show you what happens to innocent young men who suddenly find themselves in possession of a fortune.

But he took the news with the calm of a man whose character had already quietly laid its own foundation. He was content with things as they were.

The two great interests of his life were writing his poetry and playing the tuba. Money wasn't going to help him do either of those any better, so why should he suddenly become excited about money?

But one thing is sure and certain about life in this age—that for the one man who is indifferent to money there are 999 who are not.

★ ★ ★

And there were plenty who were ready to cash in on Mr. Deeds' indifference and apparent lack of business instinct. So they induced him to leave Mandrake Falls and come to New York for the first time in his life.

Now the decent, honest provincial coming to London for the first time will want to see three or four things—St. Paul's Cathedral, the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey and Piccadilly Circus.

Mr. Deeds wanted to see Grant's Tomb. "To most people," he was told, "it's an awful let-down." But not to him. He didn't see a pile of doubtful architecture.

Playing the tuba was one of his great interests in life . . . (Mr. Deeds portrayed by Gary Cooper in the famous film "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town")

He saw a nation's tribute to an honourable life, to a farm-boy who had become President of the United States. It pleased him to belong to a great democracy where such things were possible.

I must just make clear this point about Mr. Deeds. He was no oaf surrounding himself with the illusions of the ignorant. He had a keen, humorous mind.

His so-called illusions sprang, not from any sloppy sentimentality, but from a strong, virile faith in the ultimate goodness of mankind.

It must have struck many of you who saw the film that, if one of his kind was to rise up and declare himself in every community, it would do a whole lot to dispel the cheap, smart-alec outlook which seems to be seeping through to the last strongholds of simple decency.

I have small patience with the conscious reformer. He does little else but add more words to the torrent of words that have been hurled from time immemorial at anyone who chooses to listen.

But here and there in a lifetime one meets a man who has truth in his eyes, wisdom in his voice, and the sense of values which, one knows instinctively, will be the right one in the last analysis.

I cannot help feeling that whoever conceived the idea of Mr. Deeds had something like this in mind. No doubt he had to make concessions to the box-office.

He had to introduce the heart-interest necessary to a successful picture, but the main idea, one feels, was to show us the "perfect knight" without fear and without reproach.

★ ★ ★

One suspected a certain bitterness behind the making of the film, but none of it was allowed to intrude into the presentation of Mr. Deeds himself.

He let fall a few quiet phrases that cut like a knife through the rust of contemporary manners.

His court-room scene was as sparing and accurate as a surgical operation. His suffering, when the full weight of the corruption and viciousness of modern city life fell upon him, had the mute intensity of all great suffering.

The success of "Mr. Deeds" seemed to me something more than just another successful picture. It is being revived, and revived again in response to public demand.

I went to see it the other day for the third time, and I am sure by the conversations I heard around me that for the majority of the audience it was a second or third visit.

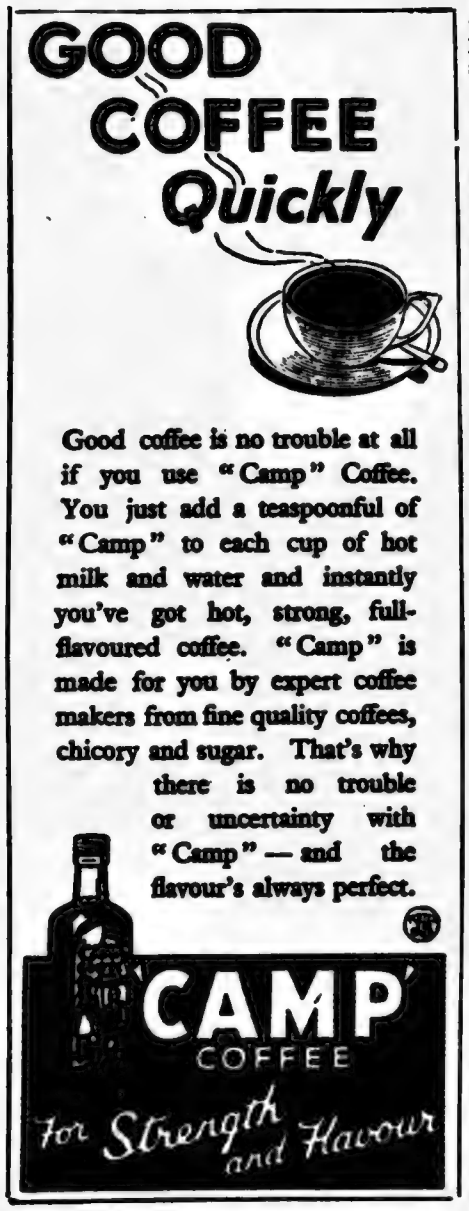
One sensed in the theatre a curious, unusual benevolence. An atmosphere of peace and good-will—although it wasn't Christmas. Laughter was kindly.

There was, one suspected, in every man's heart a sort of wistful identification of himself with this Mr. Deeds.

That is why I choose him as my favourite hero. Because it was a relief to see a quiet integrity working its way through everyday, contemporary life. Because I prefer a hero without heroics. Because I think it is a welcome sign when an audience finds a deeper satisfaction in the gentle mind than in the flashy go-getter.

I shall remember Mr. Deeds when I have forgotten ninety-nine per cent. of what other films I may see—and all their heroes.

(Another favourite hero next week)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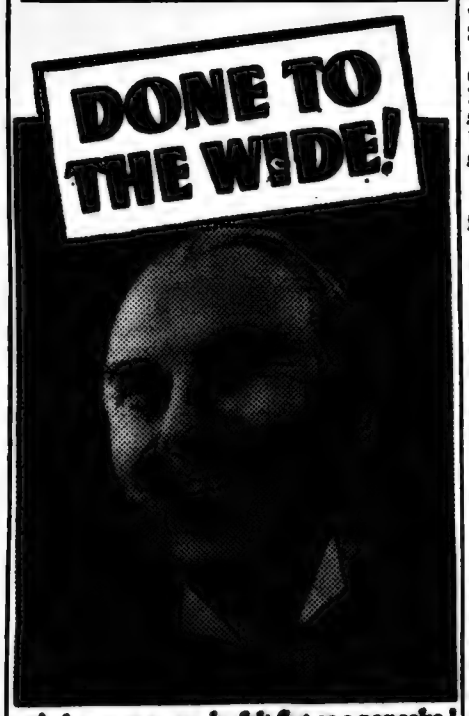

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WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

Human Documents by Philip Inman

Building Happiness on another's Grief?

"AM I likely to be happy knowing that I have caused pain and grief to other people"? is the question which a young wife asks me. Here is her story:—

Ours ought to be a very happy home, for we have a little boy of five, a nice house and a car. I should also add that I have a good husband, who does not drink or think about other women, and is careful with his money.

But we are always bickering over something, and we seem to have nothing in common. I like all sports and dancing, but he dislikes them intensely. A year ago at a party I met a young man, and we have grown to care for each other very deeply. I mean everything in the world to him, and he wants to marry me.

I shall have to give evidence for a divorce, which would grieve my parents, I know, but I feel that I could never make a fresh start with my husband, for if he found out he would never forgive. Will you please give me your advice?

THE fact that this girl has written to me proves that she is not happy about things. I hope that what I have to say will convince her of her folly. She counts it a virtue in her husband that "he does not think about other women." Then surely it is a crime for her to think about another man.

I could speak words of condemnation to her for allowing this affair to develop as it has done. Rather would I reason with her in the hope that even now the tragedy to all concerned may be avoided.

"My husband and I have nothing in common," she says. What about their little boy? He should be one of the strongest links in binding them together. What about her home? Does not that stand for something in her life?

Then she acknowledges that she has "a good husband." Her only complaint is that he "dislikes sports and dancing."

And just for that she is willing to throw away everything which many a woman would hold dear.

Let me take my argument a step farther. Supposing she follows her present inclination and goes away with that young man. Has she considered what might happen? Her position would be intolerable if her husband refused to divorce her.

And how could she ever be happy knowing that she had deserted her child, broken up that home and caused grief and anguish to her parents?

I urge her to dismiss that young man from her life. So long as she continues to see him the infatuation will remain. Presumably she married her husband because she loved him.

Let her re-discover what it was that first attracted her to him.

Let her capture again the thrill of their courtship and early married life. Let her count her blessings and not magnify her supposed grievances. And I believe she will find in her husband, her child, and her home, such precious possessions that she will allow nothing to rob her of them.

COMPARE this girl's position with that of my next correspondent. This woman writes:—

Two years ago, after getting heavily into debt through drink and gambling, my husband ran away leaving me to face the music. This was the third time during ten years of married life that he had acted in this way, and now he is asking me to start all over again.

People who know he has been unfaithful to me tell me to divorce him, but I feel that it would be very wrong to do this and give a man whom I know to be dishonest and immoral the freedom to exploit some other woman.

I do not gather that this man has asked to be divorced. On the contrary, I am told that he wants to come back to my correspondent. But after being "thrice bitten," I am not surprised at her hesitation.

She does not tell me her own feelings. Has she any affection left for him? If so, and she believes that he is genuinely sorry for the pain he has caused her, then let her say to him: "I am prepared to consider your proposal when you have given proof of your good intentions."

And she should insist that a certain time must elapse before she takes him back. If, however, she feels that she can never trust him again, and that any love she had for him is dead, then she should refuse his request.

As to the remark about giving him his freedom to exploit other women, I am afraid that if he is that way inclined he will do so whether he is divorced or not. That is a decision that only she can make.

Now let me deal with the tragic stories of two wives. The first one says:—

Three years ago I found out by accident that my husband was associating with another woman. I know that he has tried to give her up on several occasions since, but she has always attracted him back again. Now she wants him to go away with her.

I have tried to be rational about it, and I have even suggested that he should do as she wishes and see how it works out, but he says that in that case he could never come back to me, even if he wanted to.

I think he wants to go, but he can't bear the thought of deserting our six-year-old daughter and myself.

MY feeling is that this woman has exercised far too much leniency, and her husband has taken advantage of it. He may have been attracted by that other woman, but surely it was up to him, in fact, to both of them, to have remembered the ordinary rules of social conduct and decent living. That husband was not a free man to offer his affections elsewhere, and therefore he should never have allowed matters to reach this stage.

Things cannot possibly continue as at present. It is not fair to my correspondent, nor to their little girl.

Is there not someone who can urge the man to play the game? Cannot someone prevail upon that woman to stop seeing him?

Failing that, my correspondent herself must put her foot down. "I do not intend to be treated any longer as a door-mat wife," she should say. A little firmness on her part may help to bring him to his senses.

And here is the second tragic story. This woman tells me that her husband left her and their two children eight years ago, and went away with another woman. She receives an allowance, but it is so small that they have never been able to afford a holiday, while her husband and the woman have everything that money can buy. This is her immediate problem:—

My boy is now fourteen, and I wonder if I should persuade him to go to his father, who can do so much more for him financially than I can.

But it would break my heart to feel that this woman, who has already wronged us so much, should take my place. I have told the boy that, whatever his decision, I shall understand, and his reply is: "I don't know what to do. I love you both. I wish Daddy would come home." How I wish it, too! But that is one thing he will not do.

I CANNOT understand some men. It completely baffles me that this husband can spend money freely on himself and another woman and leave his wife and children in a state bordering on penury.

Now, about the boy's future. He might have better financial advantages by going to live with his father. But there are far more important matters at stake.

There is the formation of character, the inculcation of principles. I can scarcely think that such a home could provide the proper environment for any lad. The influence of a good mother far outweighs any monetary gain.

My correspondent is also entitled to remember her own feelings. She has had a hard life for the past eight years. Why should she add to her pain by allowing her boy to go from her? I hope that both she and the lad will agree to go on living together.

I hope, too, that the comfort and companionship of her children will recompense my correspondent for all the loneliness and unhappiness she has endured.

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

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ANGIERS is the answer

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'Angiers' is a standard approved treatment for colds, coughs, bronchitis, and all catarrhal affections of the respiratory or digestive system.

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Please send Trial Sample of Angiers brand Emulsion. I enclose 4d. in stamps to cover cost of postage.

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SHE PASSED HER DRIVING TEST THE NIGHT BEFORE SHE TOOK IT

'I wish they were all like you,' said the Examiner — and the licence was hers. Her night-cup of Bourn-vita was the secret that brought her success. It will do the same for **YOU.**

Deep sleep secret made her confident, clear-headed—brought out the qualities that breed success

SHE needed self-confidence and a clear head to remember her Highway Code and obey the Examiner without hesitation. But *she* knew the secret of success — that most of life's battles are won *the night before they happen.* The steadiness of your nerves, the amount of your energy — your confidence and optimism even — all depend on sleep. Not *length* of sleep, but *scientifically sound* sleep is what matters. That's the sleep that a bed-time cup of Bourn-vita gives you, soothing nerves, mind and body, and bringing new life for to-morrow. JB

The night is more important than the day. And when Bourn-vita looks after the night, the day will look after itself.

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9d PER ½ LB.
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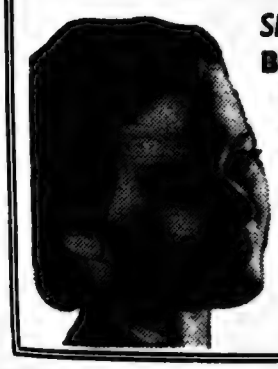

She's a **BOURN-VITA WINTER-PROOFED GIRL.** *She laughs at the thought of coughs and colds. So will* **YOU** *when you take Bourn-vita every night. And Bourn-vita is delicious to take.*

BOURN-VITA *to-night*

makes to-morrow just right

Underworld of the Big Cities (5)

Leeds and Sheffield have both ordered special crusades against crime, and sensational sequels may be anticipated . . .

SALOON LOUNGE DECOYS

by Stanley Bishop

"Two girls, under encouragement, stood up and did a dance . . ."

BARRISTERS, police officers, and newspaper reporters who attended the last Assizes for the West Riding of Yorkshire, at Leeds, declared the crime calendar was *the worst they had ever seen.*

The public had no idea of the nauseating evidence which came before the judge in the criminal court, for it was impossible to report, even in bare outline, a number of the cases.

Charges in the calendar from Leeds, Sheffield and industrial towns, which cluster around these twin West Riding cities, revealed dreadful anti-social conditions.

Out of a total of 104 criminal cases no fewer than forty-seven related to sex offences.

I mention these unpleasant things for a reason. During my probing of the underworld of provincial cities, police officers and social workers stressed the alarming increase in a grade of criminal conduct that can never be dealt with in print.

But it is important that there should be realisation of what is taking place. There must be knowledge before reform can be achieved.

As best they can, the police are endeavouring to check the peril. Leeds and Sheffield have both ordered anti-vice crusades. The results are shown at the magistrates' courts and the Assizes.

I can say, without breaking confidence, that there are likely to be further sensational sequels to the police activity in the two cities and in the West Riding area.

Quite apart from police, or crime, or the underworld, there is an aspect of life in this part of Yorkshire which is astonishing to a Southerner—or, indeed, to anyone who does not hail from the Leeds neighbourhood.

It is the conduct of some licensed premises. Not that the conduct is improper, but it is so unusual—taking the standards of the rest of the country as a test—as to be worth a description.

A practice has developed of employing pretty young women—ostensibly waitresses—to sit around the bars and entertain customers.

Mr. T. Rawson, Chief Constable of Bradford, recently drew the attention of the licensing justices to "instances of licensees who employ attractive young women, who wear low-cut evening dresses, with the undoubted object of drawing customers to their houses."

He continued: "Allegations have been made by girls so employed that a commission is paid upon drinks that they encouraged male customers to buy for them. This in my view is a deplorable tendency."

From my own experience I can endorse the opinion of Bradford's Chief Constable. I was taken to a typical public-house of this kind, and came away marvelling that such a place could exist.

I am certain that many of the licensing magistrates of Yorkshire cannot realise what is happening under their jurisdiction.

The inn I visited was not far from Leeds. Scores of motor-cars were parked outside. I was told that men drive to it from miles around.

Inside were two finely equipped saloon lounges and a circular bar. There was music, and the waitresses—one might call them hostesses—were mingling with the customers.

They were twelve really pretty girls, picked for their looks and figures.

A girl who sat with me was quite glad to accept drinks. She told me that her age was nineteen, and she did not look more.

Her home was in Bradford. The job, she said, rather intrigued her. "One meets so many nice men." Later, an invitation was given for a meeting after closing time, "When you could drive me home."

Only youngsters

During the day I went to another public-house of the same class. Again young women were on duty as waitresses; drinking and joking with customers.

Two girls, under encouragement, stood up and did a dance, circling round each other, kicking, wriggling and posturing in the "Big Apple."

There was not a girl in the party who, by her appearance, was more than twenty.

Talking with several of the girls, I learned that they are paid a weekly wage, plus a substantial commission on all drinks which customers buy for them.

They have to provide their own day costumes, stockings and shoes, while their evening-gowns they hire weekly from the management.

Again there were invitations to "a party" after closing time. Mention was made of a club, where luncheon could be had and drinks "all the afternoon." "Why not come along with us? We can dance there as well."

Said one dark beauty, when I asked her about the drinks they took, "We nearly always say we will have gin and lime-juice. That means, for us, just lime-juice and water. The customer pays the full price—and we get sixpence commission

"We could not keep on day and night if we really drank alcohol. It is only rarely that any of the girls gets drunk."

All the girls with whom I spoke were well educated and could talk intelligently. But always they were trying to "play up" for the purchase of more drinks and cigarettes. Also, there was the suggestion of other amusements which, if one cared, might follow the closing of the public-house.

Many pitfalls

Because of the custom they draw, these waitress-hostess houses are spreading. The publican, who runs his business on conservative lines, finds he is losing trade, and considers following the example of his less circumspect rival.

So far as the observance of licensed hours is concerned, the "waitress houses" are rigid. No drinks are served after time on any consideration.

Yet, considering the future of the girls, employment of this kind must be undesirable. The pitfalls beneath the feet of attractive, irresponsible young women, working in such surroundings, cannot be measured.

Coming back to crime and criminals, it is interesting to contrast the police problems of Leeds and Sheffield.

Leeds with the smaller population has, according to the latest available return, the higher crime figures.

This, no doubt, is because Leeds is the more cosmopolitan of the two cities, with more varied commercial interests.

There are more than 3,000 aliens, of whom no fewer than 2,500 are Russians, on the Leeds register. The foreign colony represents 30 nationalities.

In Leeds the number of indictable offences—mostly house- and shop-breaking and larceny—was 4,392 during the year, as against 3,172 similar cases in Sheffield.

Value of stolen property was greater than in Sheffield. And it would appear that a more skilful type of crook works in Leeds, for the percentage of crimes detected is lower.

Detective success in Sheffield in serious cases stands at 66 per cent., which is admirable. With offences against the person the *detections ranged to* 98 per *cent.*

At the Sheffield Criminal Investigation Department they have filed away particulars of 70,000 local people; of people living elsewhere and of travelling thieves who have been proceeded against in the city.

Remember, it was Sheffield that sup-

(continued on page 32)

Old before her time through CONSTANT CATARRH

Many a woman ages herself . . . . . spoils her good looks by the ravages of cold after cold neglected and let "run their course."

This is totally unnecessary for that continual catarrh . . . that constant cold in the head . . . . that stuffed-up feeling . . . making life a misery should not be tolerated.

It's dangerous to neglect CATARRH . . . it is spelling for trouble later . . . deafness, head noises, loss of smell — and worse.

End this continuous Catarrh with Potter's Catarrh Pastilles. They instantly melt the phlegm, clear head and throat, and act as a powerful antiseptic (vital when travelling in trains, tubes, trams, "buses or where infection is present).

Buy a handy 1/3d. tin at any chemist, stores, or herbalist or 1/4½d. post free from makers.

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109 Artillery Lane, London, E.1
(Makers of Potter's Asthma Cure)

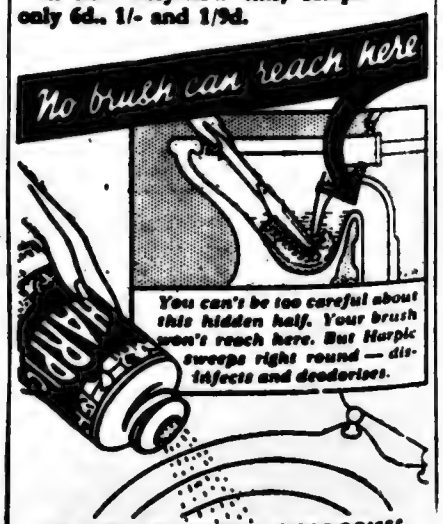
POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES

P.8

IS ONLY HALF YOUR LAVATORY CLEAN?

HARPIC not only keeps the bowl spotlessly white. It sweeps right round that hidden bend in the pipe, cleans thoroughly where no brush can ever reach. It disinfects and deodorises at the same time. You just sprinkle Harpic, leave as long as possible, then flush

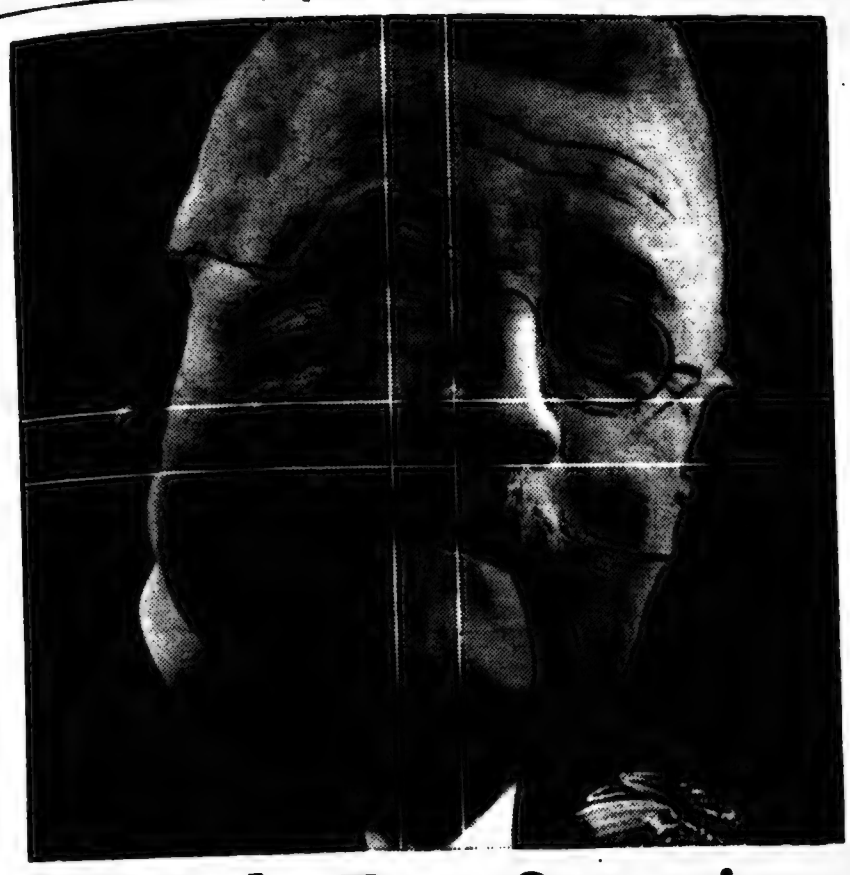
In new easy-flow tins, Harpic costs only 6d., 1/- and 1/9d.


No brush can reach here
You can't be too careful about this hidden half. Your brush won't reach here. But Harpic sweeps right round — disinfects and deodorises.

CLEANS · DISINFECTS · DEODORISES

HARPIC for all the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO LTD., HULL AND LONDON



Hoch, Four Square!

Ach, mein Herr, when I to England come, what do I see? All men smoke the Four Square. I go to a football match, and I say to an Englander: The Four Square, der ist gut, nicht? But he tell me, it is not-so-bad! I think it is better than not so bad—I say it is very good, jawohl! And the Englisch reply: "Listen, mein Freund, Four Square is a pure tobacco, naturally matured and free from artificial flavouring. Put that in your pipe, and smoke it!" That will I do. Donnerwetter! but where have I my Meerschaum put?

FOUR SQUARE

TOBACCOS-10½ TO 1/3 PER OZ.

Empire Mixture (Green Squares) } 10½d.
Curlies (Purple Squares) ... }
Original Mixture (Blue Squares) 1/2½d.

Cut Cake (Yellow Squares) ... } 11d.
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Matured Virginia (Red Squares) 1/3d.

All blends are Medium Strength.

FOUR SQUARE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

Standard Size:— ... 20 FOR 1/-. Large Size:— ... 20 FOR 1/2d.
Guaranteed to contain no Empire Tobacco. Made from Pure Virginia Leaf only.

SAMPLE of all six tobaccos (1 oz. net) 1/-, from tobacconists or in case of difficulty write George Dobie & Son, Ltd., Paisley, Scotland, enclosing P.O. for 1/-.

Winter Fitness!

More than ever—you need

IRON-STRENGTH

during these danger months!

"All through the last Influenza epidemic I kept quite free from colds. In my job, where I am continually meeting people over the counter, and being breathed upon by all sorts of germ-carrying customers, this is little short of a miracle. I honestly think that Iron 'Jelloids' have given me great resistance against flu and the common cold." (Mr.)——

The most dangerous season of the whole year has arrived, say the doctors, when human vitality is at its lowest ebb. So now is the time to take care. *Guard yourself against IRON STARVATION!* If you are *iron-starved*, you cannot expect to have the stamina to resist sudden changes of weather, or the colds and influenza so common at this time of year.

For strong resistance against invading germs and for the glowing warmth of perfect fitness your system needs plenty of IRON. Start taking IRON 'JELLOIDS' with your next meal and build up an IRON RESISTANCE against the perils of these 'danger months.'

IRON 'JELLOIDS' give you the strength that IRON alone can give. As your system absorbs the strengthening, energising IRON, you will begin to feel ten times fitter and stronger! You will gain new vigour, your eyes will sparkle, skin blemishes will disappear. Appetite and digestion will improve, and you will feel like a new man!

Iron Jelloids

For MEN: No. 2A (containing quinine) For WOMEN: No. 2 For CHILDREN: No. 1

re-arm you with IRON-strength to overcome

Weakness—Exhausted Nerves—Lack of Energy—Liability to Colds—Breathlessness—Palpitation—Poor Appetite Weak Digestion—Headaches—Pallor Falling Hair—Pimples—Brittle Nails

Of all chemists and stores

3/- (36 days' treatment) 1/3 (10 days' treatment)

The word 'Jelloids' is registered. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

COUPON for FREE BOOK

To The Iron Jelloid Co., Ltd., (Dept. J 37) Watford, Herts.

Please send me your new free booklet "IRON STARVATION, The Thief of Health and Strength." J.B. 5/2/38.

Name.....

Address.....

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Post unsealed under ½d. stamp. Use BLOCK letters.

THAT COUGHING RUINS YOUR LUNGS!

A cough NOW means more serious trouble later unless you take care! How can you face the winter with your chest and lungs already weakened? Stop that COUGHING AT ONCE by taking VENOS *Lightning* COUGH CURE, the renowned family remedy which stops coughs—*like lightning!* Every dose brings marvellous ease, soothes the sore chest, frees Bronchial Tubes and arrests the *development of dangerous germs.*

Sold everywhere, 11½d., 1/3 & 3/- per Bottle.

The FAMILY REMEDY for COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, Children's Coughs, Etc.

VENOS LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

PILES

A Doctor's Formula Gives Prompt Relief and Certain Cure.

The danger of Piles is not readily understood because the trouble is seldom talked about, but you can't mistake the symptoms. That heavy, dragging "bearing-down," which saps your energy and makes it impossible for you to give your mind to your work; swelling, pain and a burning irritation which nothing seems to relieve; hæmorrhage and protrusion.

The **MAGIC BRAND PILE CURE**—a doctor's formula—can be relied upon to give instant relief and permanently heal, even when the piles are so swollen and bleed so alarmingly that an operation seems inevitable. Thousands of former sufferers are grateful to the **MAGIC PILE CURE** for their present good health.

"I received greater relief from your Magic Pile cure in one week than during 10 years of treatment in hospital."—A.S., Guildford.

Piles undermine the system both mentally and physically; surgical methods are unnecessary and unwise. If you are suffering from any form of rectal trouble, be persuaded to try **MAGIC PILE CURE.** The first application of this soothing treatment will reduce protrusions, check irritation and hæmorrhage, and rapidly heal, no matter how stubborn or long-standing the case may be. So why continue to suffer? **FREE SAMPLE** gladly sent on request to—

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SLEEP DISTURBED

"Getting up at night" is due to what is termed a "weak" bladder. This is often brought about by unhealthy and irritating urine, which causes defective control of the nervous and muscular mechanism.

Anyone suffering in this way should at once get a bottle of Cystopurin tablets.

"I had been suffering from acute cystitis (inflammation of the bladder). My symptoms were:— out of bed at least six times during the night, sometimes oftener; when passing urine, pain was so intense that I could not refrain from moaning. Seeing your advertisement, I felt impressed to try Cystopurin, and have just purchased my third bottle.

"I am pleased to say I haven't to get out of bed at all now until I rise. I think it wise to continue using Cystopurin a little longer.

"A friend of mine who has suffered from kidney and bladder trouble for years, has also purchased a bottle of Cystopurin tablets, and she is more than pleased with them. I shall certainly recommend them."— MRS. C. VAN HAELST, 8, ST. AGNES ROAD, ST. AGNES, BRISTOL, 2.

Get Cystopurin tablets from your chemist to-day. They are put up in bottles, price 1/3, 3/- and 5/-, and are obtainable only from chemists.

Free booklet on application to Cystopurin Dept. J.B.26.

CEMATOSAN Ltd., LOUGHBOROUGH, LEICESTERSHIRE.

CYSTOPURIN

SEE YOU AT CRUFTS?

Messrs. BENSOW's cordially invite all interested readers of "John Bull" to visit their stand (centre) at Crufts Dog Show, Feb. 9–10.

If you cannot meet us there, write to the address below for full particulars of our Dog Mixture, famous for over 100 years.

BENSOW'S DOG MIXTURE Co., Ltd., Dept. J.B., 2, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1.

HOW TO PUT ON WEIGHT

Maintain Bodily Strength and FITNESS

Read this letter from A. E. Longmate, the Physical Culture Expert, whose photo is published here.

I have much pleasure in recommending IRVONA for the use of anyone wishing to gain a strong, robust body or to excel in any athletic performance, particularly to those having tried all methods of exercise and find it difficult to gain weight. IRVONA provides the "BULK" that is required to build a perfect physique.

In carrying out the Exhibitions and Displays which I give, a tremendous amount of energy is expended and I know nothing so good as IRVONA for maintaining weight, strength and general fitness. Yours faithfully, A. E. Longmate.

IRVONA Brand Nerve and Body Builder makes strong, robust MEN, even out of the most unpromising material! By giving to your body carefully balanced proportions of Iron for the Blood, Calcium for the Bones, and Phosphorus for the Brain and Nerves, IRVONA conquers once and for all that vital deficiency which keeps you nervy, skinny and weak. "IRVONA" Brand Nerve and Body Builder is obtainable from all Chemists. Price 1/3 for one week's supply; 3/- for 2 weeks; 5/- for 6 weeks; or direct, post free on receipt of price, from: IRVONA (Dept. 228D), 1, GRESSE STREET, LONDON, W.1.

No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy. Distributors: The London and Colonial Export Co., Ltd.

PAIN AFTER MEALS

Is your stomach still struggling with your last meal? You're gasping with wind and doubled up with indigestion. Why? Because your stomach is always too acid. It sours every mouthful. It turns meat into leather. You can stop these agonising attacks this very day by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They relieve acidity at once. No matter what you eat, your stomach makes easy work of digesting it. No sour repeating, no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old agony.

What about your next meal? Are you going to submit to torture when 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will save you? Make that meal the test. Get a tin of the Tablets now and have them in readiness. You'll be thankful you tried them. Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Of all chemists.

"Milk of Magnesia" is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Saloon Lounge Decoys

(Continued from page 30)

plied the vital connecting link which enabled the Metropolitan police to arrest Browne and Kennedy, the gunmen convicted and hanged for the murder of P.C. Gutteridge on an Essex highroad. As a result, a substantial reward was paid to a previously-convicted man, then living in Sheffield.

One fine anti-crime success in Sheffield is the suppression of the "slash-and-bottle" gangs, once such a dangerous feature of the city's underworld.

Hostilities first broke out between factions disputing who had the right to use a waste-land corner for gambling.

The feud spread. Desperate fights occurred, often near the city centre. Decent folk caught in the whirlwind of fighters were injured.

★ ★ ★

Several of the gangsters themselves were maimed for life. Sheffield then was almost as bad as Glasgow for gang warfare.

Despite the difficulty of getting evidence—witnesses refused to speak for fear of vengeance—the police prosecuted in every possible case and secured convictions with heavy punishment.

Eventually—as always happens in these gang outbreaks—an inoffensive man was murdered in a street brawl. A number of the gangsters were arrested and accused of murder. Two were convicted at the Assizes, and were executed. The others, acquitted of the murder, were found guilty on lesser counts and were imprisoned.

But now Sheffield is free of gangs. Although street fighting does occur at times, there is nothing systematic about it—no attempt at gangster rule.

Pursuing comparison of the cities, Leeds has been afflicted with undesirable clubs used as meeting-places by criminals.

One notorious place, since suppressed, was a real thieves' kitchen. An intensive campaign is now being made against these dens, and the days left to them are few.

Following the police action, the "one-man club" is practically extinct. Evasion of the law still continues at some clubs which are run by a committee, solely for the financial advantage of the committee members.

Clubs of this kind were found to be attracting large numbers of non-members by offering "variety" entertainments, especially on Sundays, and taking big profits from the sale of liquor. Scenes of disorder on these Sunday nights were common. The business became a scandal until prosecutions brought an effective check.

On the whole, however, the majority of existing clubs in the city are the properly-established kind, and are conducted reasonably well.

Gaming machines in clubs and shop premises have been another Leeds evil.

Two items of interest in connection with these gaming machine parlours are mentioned by the Chief Constable in his last report.

Firstly, a man and woman prosecuted for keeping a common gaming house, and in aiding and abetting the offence, elected to go for trial before a judge and jury. They were both convicted, and then carried the case to the Court of Criminal Appeal, which upheld the conviction. That case did much to frighten the gaming "racketeers."

Secondly—as a result of a decision by the Leeds stipendiary magistrate—it is now the practice to take into custody the person in charge of premises, where a search warrant is being executed and gambling machines are found. Then it is possible for the court to make an immediate order for the destruction of the machines.

★ ★ ★

Sheffield has never suffered to any real extent the evil of drinking, gambling, immoral and bogus clubs. Perhaps because Sheffield is a simpler, more downright city in all its antecedents, even those of the underworld.

But Sheffield houses a number of travelling pickpockets, burglars and confidence-tricksters, who carry their trade to other districts. They prefer not to touch their home town.

Among them are several expert women house-breakers. One of these women, who lives in a comfortable suburban villa, and drives her own motor-car, was recently caught with a really fine collection of house-breaking implements in her possession.

Leeds also suffers from the confidence-trickster. Witness this tragedy of trust as summarised in the formal language of the Chief Constable:—

"Two men called on a householder in the city and induced him to part with £385 by stating that they were foreigners who had found a large number of sovereigns amongst property in the course of demolition.

"They showed as a sample of the coins a genuine sovereign with cement adhering to it. The householder, believing the men's story, parted with his money, but afterwards found the so-called coins to be brass buttons."

Frequently the Leeds crooks work in Sheffield and *vice versâ*. Yorkshire loyalty does not debar a raid on the rival city!

Next week: Birmingham.

Mr. R. L. Matthews, Chief Constable of Leeds, who is carrying out an intensive campaign to suppress the undesirable clubs of the city.

Special Pools Service

by "Poolex"

A NOVICE investor writes: "I am a newcomer to the pools this season, and so far I have not been in sight of a dividend. Can you give me a system. . . ." And from a seasoned couponeer: "For four seasons I have laid out anything up to 10s. a week on football coupons, and never had a win. I have tried every system I know. . . ."

To help these readers, and many thousands of pool investors who have yet to collect their first dividend, here are my "Do's and Dont's for Pool Punters."

1. *Don't spend more time or money than you can easily afford.* It is a great temptation to increase stakes, in the hope of recouping losses. Avoid this; it will never get you anywhere. The time-factor is important, too. A simple method stands just as much chance as a complicated one. More chance, very often.

2. *Be systematic.* No matter how small your entry, you can always improve your chances by planning it in a systematic way. Recent developments in the pools show very clearly that the bulk of the money is going to the methodical punter.

3. *Select your method, and stick to it.* Too many pool fans are inconsistent, and try a new system nearly every week. If your method is based on sound principles, give it a chance to prove its worth. Remember that every pool presents two problems: Forecasting the results, and entering the forecasts to the best advantage. During the past three months I have tried to help punters with both these problems for most of the popular pools.

If you are undecided as to the best method to use for your favourite pool, write to me, stating which pool you enter for and your usual stake. If I receive a number of enquiries for any particular pool, I will reply in these columns. Other requests I will deal with by post, as usual.

4. *Keep a record of what you do and why you do it.* Most punters make a copy of their entries for checking purposes, but how many can remember afterwards how that entry was built up? This is most important. Checking your mistakes is the surest way of showing up any faults in your methods.

5. *Give all your lines a chance.* This applies to entries for pools in which a choice of matches is allowed. In general, permutations, or alternative forecasts for the same match, mean wasted lines in these pools. If one line is right, all the others must be wrong. When the promoters give a choice of matches, it is silly not to take advantage of it.

6. *Don't follow published forecasts blindly.* When forecasting, it is essential to allow for surprises. By all means use published forecasts to help in your selections, but use them with discretion. If you don't then you can only hope to share a dividend with thousands of others who just copy out published forecasts and hope for the best. When all the "form" certainties win, which happens very seldom, down go the dividends.

I do not pretend that following these hints will lead inevitably to a dividend, but I can guarantee that the punters who adopt them will get a better run for their money, and more prospect of a successful finish to the season.

Graded Guide by "Poolex" (copyright)

Below are the games to be played on Saturday, February 5, not in the customary categories of League Divisions, but specially arranged to form a Graded Guide to the likely results of these matches. Six performances of each team have been assessed by awarding points for each performance on its merits.

Thus the likeliest Home Winners to choose from are at the top of the list. To pick likely Away Winners make your choice from those at the end.

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF HOME TEAM.

73	East Fife v. Brechin C.	32	Forfar v. Dunfermline.	9	St. Johnstone v. Clyde
71	Celtic v. Arbroath.	31	Tranmere v. Halifax.	8	Exeter v. Torquay.
66	Partick v. Queen of S.	29	Luton v. Burnley.	7	Doncaster v. Rotherham.
63	Reading v. Newport.	28	Cowdenb'th v. Dundee U.	6	W.B.A. v. Grimsby.
61	St. Bernards v. E. Stirling	22	Bradford C. v. Accrington.	5	Southport v. Chester.
59	Brentford v. Leicester.	21	St. Mirren v. Morton.	4	Walsall v. Brighton.
47	Chesterfield v. Swansea.	19	Arsenal v. Derby.	3	Notts F. v. Coventry.
45	Stoke v. Chelsea.	17	Plymouth v. Norwich.	2	Northampton v. Q.P.R.
44	Hull v. New Brighton.	16	King's Park v. Leith A.	1	Falkirk v. Hamilton.
38	Mansfield v. Clapton O.	15	Liverpool v. Leeds.		
36	Ayr v. Hearts.	14	Man. C. v. Portsmouth.		

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF AWAY TEAM.

	Wrexham v. Darlington.	6	Blackburn v. West Ham.	17	Cardiff v. Bournemouth.
	Hibernians v. Aberdeen.	7	Motherwell v. Queen's P.	18	Birmingham v. Preston.
	York v. Carlisle.	8	Newcastle v. Bury.	19	Fulham v. Aston Villa.
	Barrow v. Port Vale.	9	Third Lanark v. Kilm'n'k.	20	Alloa A. v. Albion R.
	Swindon v. Gillingham.	10	Airdrie v. Stenhousemuir.	21	Bolton v. Wolves.
	Shef. W. v. Bradford.	11	Aldershot v. Watford.	22	Lincoln v. Gateshead.
	Huddersfield v. Everton.	12	Middlesbro' v. Charlton.	24	Bristol R. v. Southend.
	Crystal P. v. Notts C.	13	Dundee v. Rangers.	26	Stockport v. Shef. U.
	Millwall v. Bristol C.	14	Hartlepools v. Oldham.	30	Southampton v. Man. U.
	Crewe v. Rochdale.	15	Dumbarton v. Edinburgh.	32	Montrose v. Raith R.
	Barnsley v. Tottenham.	16	Blackpool v. Sunderland.	33	

In Only 7 Days—This Amazing Change!

Miss Dorothy Bramhall, 12, Southwood House, Southwood Rd., London, has expressed her amazement at the astonishing effect of this New Beauty Treatment even in one week.

It looks unbelievable but — try it yourself!

In one short week! Thousands of delighted women have made themselves look years younger. Their lines and wrinkles completely gone! Scientists have found that wrinkles are formed because as we grow older the skin loses certain vital elements. Feed back these precious elements to the skin and it becomes fresh and young again. This is the amazing discovery of Prof. Dr. Stejskal, of the University of Vienna. His extract of deep skin cells, called 'Biocel', is now contained in Crème Tokalon, Rose Colour. Apply it every night. It will nourish and rejuvenate your skin while you sleep. Wrinkles quickly disappear. In a week you will look years younger. Use Tokalon White Skinfood during the day. It dissolves away blackheads, tightens enlarged pores. Makes darkest, roughest skin soft, white and smooth in a few days.

HAIR

STOP Hair Falling, Combing out and Thinning
END Dandruff and Fading
AVERT BALDNESS

We could fill the whole of this paper with similar grateful letters and photos as those below proving the wonders Kotalko has worked in many forms of hair trouble.

Told he would always be bald *KOTALKO soon grew new hair*

Turning grey *KOTALKO restored natural colour*

Wasted Pounds *then tried KOTALKO*

My hair fell out *KOTALKO brought fine thick growth*

Afraid to comb her hair *New, strong hair using KOTALKO*

"**I had no hair on my head** at all. I was told I should never have another hair as long as I lived. **A hairdresser whom I consulted confirmed this.** I bought Kotalko and Kotalko Soap. **The new hair soon began to grow,** and now no one seeing me would credit I had been bald. The hairdresser and many others can confirm all I say."—J. BINDLEY.

"**My hair was falling rapidly and becoming terribly thin.** I had used different tonics, but the excessive falling of the hair continued. **Then I tried Kotalko. My hair stopped coming away on the comb, and a New, Beautiful, Thick Growth developed, free from dandruff. Also my hair, which was going grey,** resumed its natural colour."—Miss D. BELL.

"**My husband's head** was in a terrible state. One big bald patch on the top of his head was the size of a teacup. **We had spent pounds** in trying to get this condition different. We sent for Kotalko and by the photo you will see that we have much to be thankful for."—W. JOBSON.

"Before using Kotalko my **hair was very weak and falling out in combfuls** until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I used Kotalko. **Before I had finished the second box my hair seemed stronger.** This improvement continued and the hair is now **thick and lustrous** and is a mass of waves."—M. J. MURPHY.

"**Once I was afraid to comb my hair;** this is no longer so, for the falling has completely stopped. My head is completely covered with a **thick growth of new, strong hair.** Kotalko Soap is also worthy of praise. It is better than anything I have yet used for washing my hair."—Miss M. WOODHALL.

Even if you have been actually bald for years, try Kotalko. If your hair is only falling, gradually becoming thinner, or becoming dead looking or lustreless, use Kotalko NOW and so AVERT premature baldness. **Kotalko stimulates and awakens dormant roots, softens hardened scalp, clears up those deposits of dandruff which clog the hair passages and prevent the new hairs growing through the scalp. Kotalko and Kotalko Soap soon check falling hair, cover thin spots with vigorous new growth, remove unsightly dandruff and will make your hair glossy and "alive."** Kotalko is not a "new discovery." Kotalko has proved itself. It has stood the test of time. **For 21 years** Kotalko has brought benefits to **people of all ages.** No matter what your age, whether your hair is thin, brittle, splitting, falling, choked with dandruff or even if there are signs of baldness, Kotalko and Kotalko Soap are what you need. Let a trial sample prove that Kotalko can do in your case what it has done for countless others—give you a new growth of glossy, vigorous colourful hair. Surely your appearance is worth more than 3d., it costs to secure this Double Test Sample. **FILL IN THE COUPON BELOW AND POST NOW.**

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER
WAKES UP THE ROOTS

DOUBLE TEST
To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.
(D.H.2.), 8, Percy Street, London, W.1.
I want a testing sample of Kotalko and a sample tablet of Kotalko Soap, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.
Name.....
Address.....

Why Suffer from PILES?

Famous Ointment Relieves & Removes Them

Are you a victim of piles (hæmorrhoids)? Do you suffer from swelling and burning irritation? Are you weakened by constant hæmorrhage? If so, try Zam-Buk. This wonderful herbal ointment has proved successful in thousands of cases, often when an operation seemed the only escape. Zam-Buk brand ointment brings relief and is wonderfully soothing; it has a contractive influence on the dilated veins, checks the bleeding and causes the piles to gradually disappear.

Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing septic conditions arising where the membranes are broken or inflamed. Don't suffer from piles a day longer—get a 1/3 box of Zam-Buk and use according to printed directions.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles, you can also obtain Zam-Buk solidly Suppositories for internal use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep.

Insert one **For INWARD PILES**

READ THIS CONVINCING TESTIMONY

"For years I had piles and used to be laid up with them. Zam-Buk Suppositories wonderfully relieved the pain and other symptoms. I can do housework in comfort and be on my feet eight hours a day."—Mrs. M. S., London.

"The pain and hæmorrhage of piles caused constant misery. I began to look like an old man and was low-spirited. Regular use of Zam-Buk caused the piles to disappear and ended my years of suffering."—Mr. A. F., Liverpool.

A Super Bargain for Housewives

—that does away with cleaning slavery!

SAY good-bye to the drudgery of hands and knees behind a dustpan and brush! Abolish the old-fashioned methods of carpet-sweeping and replace with an effortless thorough cleaning Hoover. The cost is not a problem at all—only 10/- down and a Hoover is yours at once to get out all the dirt and prolong the life of carpets, etc., while small monthly payments complete the purchase. Send at once for a special free booklet, giving details of all Hoover Cleaners. Write, mentioning "John Bull," to Hoover Ltd. (Dept. X1), Perivale, Greenford, Middx., or, better still, fill in the coupon on page 23.

RHEUMATICS

SPEEDY RELIEF AFTER PROLONGED SUFFERING

For 100 years Eades Brand Pills have given immediate relief from the agonies of **Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Sciatica, Neuritis, Arthritis.** Eades Brand Pills break up and dissolve the accumulation of uric acid and cleanse the system of the resultant waste matter. This **double action** curative property gives them a great advantage over purgative chemical salts or dangerous drugs which do not alone eliminate poisonous acid deposits.

EVIDENCE "Having suffered for months with Sciatica, your Pills have given me **great relief,** more than anything else I have tried, besides doing my general health so much good."—London, W.C., Jan. 6, 1938.

"My wife has derived great benefit from your Pills. She suffered Neuritis for months. Doctors and other medicines failed until she tried your Pills. Relief set in after the first dose. Now she will never be without them."—Anerley, S.E., December, 1937.

EADES BRAND RHEUMATIC AND GOUT PILLS

IN BOTTLES at 1s. 3d. & 3s. FROM ALL CHEMISTS.

CONSTIPATION

Conquered by 100-year-old remedy

If you suffer from Constipation, Indigestion, Flatulence, Headache, Rheumatism, or Liver and Stomach troubles, try Dr. Scott's Brand Bilious and Liver Pills, a genuine old-fashioned vegetable cure, gentle in action and perfectly safe

TRIAL SIZE 6D From all Chemists, or 7½d. post free from W. Lambert & Co., Ltd., Dept. 11b, 232, Shoreditch, London, N.W.1

Dr Scott's Bilious & Liver Pills BRAND

Also 1/3 and 2/- (double quantity)

S.17

FREE

ECZEMA

Psoriasis, all Skin Diseases & Bad Legs. Sufferers should write to us at once, when

ONE WEEK'S FREE TREATMENT

will be sent with our Booklet of Testimonials, telling of the wonderful cures of skin diseases we have made, when other treatments have failed. Send 3d. in stamps for postage and packing.

Address: Dept. 17, TOM WARD, Ltd., *Medical Skin Specialists,* BRADFORD, YORKS.

Also 873, Chester Rd., Old Trafford, Manchester, 16; and 93, Sandylands Promenade, Morecambe, W.E.

FOR BARGAINS See JOHN BULL'S "SHOP WINDOW" *Pages 2 and 3.*

Reader's Story by Mrs. B. Hawkins

HOUSE OF TERROR

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and re-telling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 317,505, Mrs. B. Hawkins, of 72, St. George's Crescent, Cippenham, nr. Slough, Bucks

We drew ourselves up slowly and peered into the room

IN a little Berkshire village there is an old house which stands in its own grounds. For years it has been empty, the lawns overrun by weeds.

Even when I was a small child the house was unoccupied, and, in the village, it was regarded by everybody as being mysterious. There was, however, no question of its being haunted. Yet, although a source of awe to the village children, the more courageous of them were always itching to explore it.

I did not live in the village, but I was a frequent visitor there during the summer holidays. I was usually accompanied by my sister and stayed with an aunt who has since died.

The house I have mentioned used to be known locally as "The House," and was used as a shelter by tramps and vagrants who passed through the village.

The "mystery" connected with it was never defined, but it was vaguely suggested that an old woman was in the habit of going there at certain times of the year, and, since nothing was known about her, she automatically became labelled with all sorts of sinister names.

As far as I know, the foundation of the story now associated with the house is based on the experience my sister and I had one bright August night.

We were adventurous children, and this characteristic, combined with an insatiable curiosity, often landed us in trouble.

We had heard about "The House" from other children, some of whom said it was filled with skeletons; others that it harboured witches and fairies. It was a dangerous place to frequent in the daylight, never mind at night, they added. These stories, of course, belonged to the imaginations of the village urchins and were not shared by the grown-up people.

Before we set out to explore the place, we sought our aunt's opinion.

"Do you think," my sister Winnie asked, "that there are witches and fairies up at 'The House'?"

"Stuff and nonsense!" my aunt replied contemptuously.

That was good enough for us.

We set off, I remember, about nine o'clock. It was a light night, with a full moon shining in a cloudless sky.

Reaching 'The House" about ten minutes later, we paused outside the gate, which swung on rusty hinges. Our courage was beginning to sink, and neither of us relished entering.

Apart from the creaking gate and the whisper of leaves in the light west wind, everything was quiet.

"Well," my sister said, "what are we going to do?"

"I don't know," I replied. "What do you think we ought to do?"

"Go in, I suppose," she answered.

"All right. You go first!"

"No, you go first," she said.

In the end, Win led the way up the path that went to the front door. By the look of the grass and weeds that practically covered it, it was plain that somebody had been using it frequently.

With great caution we crept up to the house. I was scared, and it was as much as I could do to keep my teeth from chattering. My sister appeared to be equally nervous, and at the sound of anything moving she would stop and roll her large, brown eyes.

Just before we reached the main entrance, we cut across the lawn and made for the side of the house.

WE had not gone many yards when my sister suddenly dropped full-length in the long grass. "Look," she said, indicating a window in which the dim flicker of a light appeared. "There's somebody in there."

It was some minutes later before we could pluck up enough courage to look again. The light was still there.

"Come on," I whispered. "Let's see who it is."

"Supposing it's a witch?" she said.

"Don't be silly," I declared. "Witches don't have lights."

Like Red Indian braves we crept forward. At last we were under the window, and we could hear somebody coughing. It was a hacking, wheezing cough.

I drew myself up from the ground slowly and peered in the window. My sister did likewise.

In the corner of the empty room was an old woman dressed in black rags. She was sitting near an empty fireplace and was mumbling to herself. Her face looked ghastly. It was so drawn and wrinkled that you could scarcely distinguish her features.

"She looks ill," my sister whispered.

"As if she's dying," I said.

We looked at each other for awhile, wondering what to do next.

"PERHAPS she needs help," Win added, after a long pause.

"Perhaps she does," I agreed. "Let's see if the front door is open."

As we reached the door we heard something that set our hearts thumping. It was like a low moan at first—the moan of someone in agony. Accompanying it were sounds of violent movement, like kicking and scratching. Meanwhile, the moaning was ascending to a higher pitch, and, gradually, it took the tone of a dog whining.

"What shall we do?" Win gasped. Her face was the colour of a sheet.

"Go and get help," I said. "She's probably dying."

"But that's a dog's whine—she's whining like a dog."

At that moment we were both nearly frightened out of our lives by a beastly looking cur leaping through the window.

From what I could see, in the glimpse I got, it was a blackish-grey mongrel, emaciated by starvation and disease.

It landed on its head in the grass, rolled over, and then raced across the lawn, howling as if it were mortally injured.

"Come on," my sister panted, "it's probably attacked that old lady."

The front door opened easily. We weren't afraid now. What concerned us most was the old woman. Kicking open the door of the room in which we had seen her, we almost fell. The candle was out now, but by the aid of the moonbeams you could see everything in the room plainly.

Running over to what we thought was the old woman, we were amazed to find only a heap of old rags.

My sister screamed hysterically. "She's turned into a dog," she wailed, and dashed out of the house.

The story of our weird experience soon spread through the village, and, I believe, they still talk about it.

But I've often wondered since whether we really did see the old hag, or what we saw was merely a trick of light.

IF burning pain or agonising flatulence and heartburn make you dread mealtimes, take a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia after your next meal. By neutralising the excess acid which causes most stomach troubles, 'Bisurated' Magnesia brings you new, instant relief. The pain you have learned to dread ceases. You can eat what you please and digest it with ease. This blessed relief from pain, heartburn and other distressing symptoms of indigestion will improve your spirits and general well-being and make you look forward with pleasure to meals. Get a bottle of 'Bisurated' Magnesia to-day.

You want 'Bisurated' Magnesia

Prices: Powder, 1/3 & 2/6. Tablets, 6d., 1/3 & 2/6.

RACE WITH "SILVER RING"

TEN-GUINEA CHANCE

GRAND NATIONAL weights disclose that the official handicapper may have given the Irish mare, Pontet, a good chance, and, for the time being, I suggest coupling her with Drinmore Lad.

It would be a real romance if Pontet scored. She changed hands for ten guineas as a yearling at Dublin Sales.

Peter Kane, with 7 st. 7 lb., may be a "rod in pickle" for the Lincolnshire, and might be introduced in any long-shot doubles.

This one is trained by Capt. Percy Whitaker who won the Lincolnshire with Knight Error and just failed last year with Laureat II, my selection.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, February 3, to Wednesday, February 9.

K X U Z R 98 96 G E D V B N H J T
S O Y 97 L W F 94 M P Q C I 93 95 A

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: 93NPTR94X would read HIDALGO. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted: CTA2RMK93ND would read BATTLESHIP.

QUICK RELIEF FOR
CHILBLAINS
OH THESE CHILBLAINS! MOTHER ALWAYS USED 'NEW-SKIN' FOR THEM - I'LL READ THE LEAFLET
WHY! THEY'VE STOPPED TINGLING ALREADY-AND 'NEW-SKIN' WILL PREVENT THEM BREAKING

'New-Skin' removes irritation and soothes at a touch. Its tough transparent waterproof covering keeps sore places safe and helps healing. For many years the famous stand-by for the relief of Chilblains. Get some 'New-Skin' today. The bigger bottle goes a long way.

Buy a bottle from your chemist today.

For Cracked Lips, Chapped Hands, Cuts, Burns, Blisters etc. For Corns and Hangnails.

there's nothing like—

NEW-SKIN

BRAND
ANTISEPTIC WATERPROOF COATING

ONLY RUN-DOWN CHILDREN CATCH COLDS

But you can save your child now by getting at the cause of the trouble

WHEN your child catches a cold, the reason isn't simply that he has been exposed to infectious cold germs.

Children are exposed to infection every day. Cold germs are everywhere — in houses, streets, schools. Yet thousands of children never catch cold — nor would *your* child if he were as strong and healthy as these other children.

Your child's cold is a sign of another trouble, more serious than the cold itself. It means that he is run-down, so that his power of resistance to infection is weakened — he is liable not only to colds, but to influenza, pneumonia, and epidemics.

But luckily you need not allow your child to remain in this dangerous condition any longer. It is possible both to get rid of your child's cold *and* to build up his resistance to all kinds of infection—simply by giving him Scotts Brand Emulsion. Read what a famous Medical Research Body has discovered.

"Immediately after your child has taken a spoonful of Scotts Brand Emulsion," writes this Research Body, "every drop goes to build up resistance to infection, particularly in the chest and lungs."

The result is that your child's cold disappears as quickly as it came — and meanwhile his whole body is being built up, strengthened and protected. He puts on weight nearly twice as fast, he enjoys his meals better, his cheeks become rosy and his arms and legs grow strong and sturdy—and, best of all, he is *safe* against all future infection.

Start giving your child Scotts Brand Emulsion regularly from to-day.

Kill Kidney Germs—Gain Health

Your Kidneys have 9 million tubes, endangered by Germs caused by Colds, Bad Teeth, Tonsils and infections. Ordinary medicine doesn't kill the germ cause of Kidney Trouble. Kill Kidney Germs the scientific way with Cystex—don't smash up health.

If you are compelled to Get up Nights, have Burning, Itching Passages, Nerves, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Circles Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Lost Appetite and Energy, etc., Cystex will end your pain in 2 hours. In 24 hours you will feel better still; in 8 days you are fitter and stronger than since Kidney Trouble gripped you. Cystex is guaranteed to set you right in 8 days or money back. From all Chemists—a fair offer.

NIPITS

VOICE STIMULANT & QUEST PASTILLES

that's the tip!

...He said Aching Muscles ...he knew SLOANS Brand Liniment KILLS PAIN!

There are few sports without casualties — sprains, bruises, stiff painful joints and muscles, stretched tendons, aches, pains, chills — all these yield in quick time to the soothing, bracing, strengthening action of Sloans. Take a badly sprained ankle—swollen, inflamed and throbbing with pain. Now apply Sloans. Its soothing effect is wonderful. Sloans acts without rubbing and at once a sense of ease and comfort steals through the joint. And this relief comes swiftly; the pain and soreness die away, inflammation abates, congestion and swelling diminish, and a foot that you dare not put to the ground, is made strong and active in a few hours.

For RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA NEURITIS, BACKACHE, SPRAINS, BRUISES ACHES & PAINS, Etc.

Get a bottle (1/9) from your chemist and try it today!

Here's the SLOANS—Where's the Pain?

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 18.

These SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTIONS *Give Prompt Relief*

They will save you doctor's bills. Keep them in your medicine chest. Order them NOW!

FRAZZLED NERVES

"Vitality in a Nut"

Here is a nut which makes a real man or woman of you in a few hours; frazzled nerves full of vim, gloomy thoughts gone, faith strengthened, hope renewed before nightfall, life worth living to-morrow. It is the Doctor's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—it prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, stops your falling-to-pieces feeling. Don't imagine yourself into an illness, have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days. Ask for **"Blue Lion Fez Nuts."** Shadforth Prescription No. 632. Prices 1/- (25), 1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.

(Dept. J.B.128), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Descriptive Book (J.B.320) price 2d. post free.

Reduce YOUR High BLOOD PRESSURE

Rejuvenate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR Heart. COME OFF the Danger List.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it NOW. (Prescription No. 1108/T.)** Prices: **2/6, 5/6, 15/6.**

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.

(Dept. J.B.128), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

"How to Prevent Blood Pressure" (Book No. J.B.296) price 2d. post free.

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Quick Relief and Comfort.

Kidney and Bladder Troubles. Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up at nights are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of **"Shadforths."** Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief.

Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 235.

Prices: **1/6 (25), 2/9 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (300).**

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.

(Dept. J.B.128), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

The Special Shadforth Book on Kidney and Bladder Troubles (No. J.B.254) price 2d. post free.

LIVER TROUBLES

CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE.

PERIODICAL bilious attacks, constipation, sick headache and bowel indigestion indicate a sluggish liver, and for this nothing equals this pill. Take it with each meal and you will soon be better. This is a useful formula to keep in the house for family use. Get it now, and prove its worth. It is known as **Shadforth's Prescription (No. 2,000).**

Prices: **6d. (36), 1/3 (100), 3/- (300 pills).**

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.

(Dept. J.B.128), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

Booklet (J.B.222) price 2d. post free.

Further well-known SHADFORTH prescriptions prescribed and used at this season of the year:—

"WHITE LIONS" or Stomach Tablets (No. 1077) cure Acidity, Gastritis, Stomach Pains and Digestive Disorders. Prices: **6d. (24), 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144).**

"SHADPHOS" or Neurasthenia Tablets (No. 470), the mighty modern tonic for brain and nerves. Prices: **1/- (12), 1/9 (25), 3/3 (50), 6/- (100).**

Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites and the best chemists either hold stock or gladly obtain to order, or YOU CAN OBTAIN PRIVATELY PACKED AND POST FREE AT THESE PRICES FROM:—

SHADFORTH

PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD.,

Dispensing Chemists

(Dept. J.B.128), 49, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

ALREADY 33 'JOHN BULL' CROSSWORDERS HAVE WON PENSIONS—WIN YOURS THIS WEEK!

£3 WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £300 Cash

INCREASED PENSION—PLUS FORTUNE FIRST PRIZE—OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £750

£100 UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS

To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up we shall forward a Special Surprise Award—to be posted simultaneously with publication of winning Square in "John Bull."

CLOSING SAT FEB 12

95

ACROSS CLUES

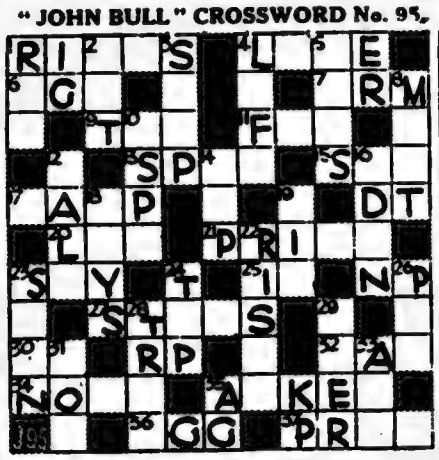
1. Boxing is often seen in
4. Turn is sometimes seen at the end of one
6. Grow old
7. Weapon or limb
9. Afternoon meal
11. Is sometimes blamed for accidents
13. Small gaiter worn round ankle
15. Ocean
17. Bad singers sometimes do this
20. Produce eggs
21. This of a horse is likely to influence buyer
23. Wily
25. On end of twig
27. Sometimes make big fortunes
30. In centre of grapes
32. Consume
34. Drawing of this is interesting to art student
35. Inquired
36. Hen lays this
37. People are usually kept away from this by rough seas

DOWN CLUES

1. Dog frequently plays with
2. Fish are caught in one
3. Should be handled carefully in bath
4. Ladder is sometimes needed to get into
5. Horses
8. Is sometimes frozen
10. Catch sight of
12. Is sometimes hit by club
14. Snow is sometimes seen on
16. Where Adam and Eve lived
18. Remarks
19. People often put on at party
22. You won't climb to the top of the tree without a lot of these
23. If you do this you should get a good idea of the measure of anything
24. Water comes from this in kitchen
26. People in this usually look black
28. Oak is one
29. Vessel is often needed for
31. Sometimes lead
33. Fuss

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 95. Closing SATURDAY, FEB. 12, 1938.



In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

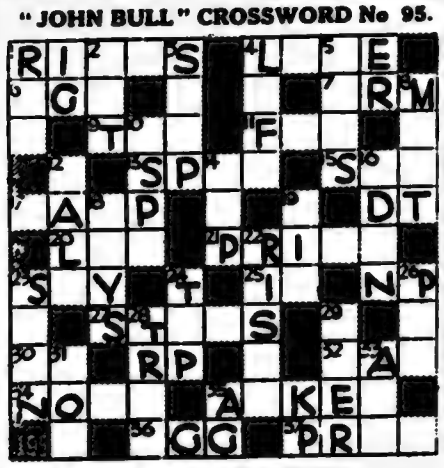
SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No 95. Closing SATURDAY, FEB. 12, 1938.



In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS.....

.....

37 £9 9s. RADIOS AND £700 WON IN CROSSWORD No. 92!

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 92, the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the most meritorious Sets of Answers on one Square (see below) were the following four competitors:—

C. GRIESHABER, 126, Southampton Street, Reading.
A. L. JEFFERY, 339, Cowley Road, Oxford.
A. McINTYRE, 49, Woodcroft Road, Wavertree, Liverpool.
A. W. THOMAS, 36, Lennox Road, Gravesend.

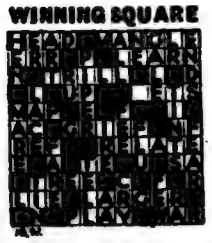
Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £600, and a Cheque for £150 will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, February 8, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No Scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 33 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive £3 0s. 8d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified. Each cash prize-winner will also receive a 9-Guinea Radio or other Gift as preferred.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 253 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

WINNING SQUARE

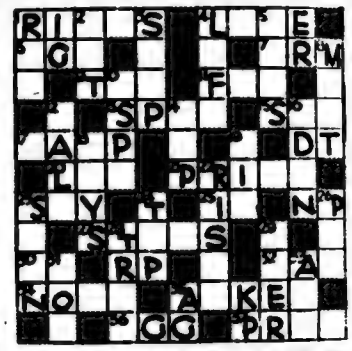


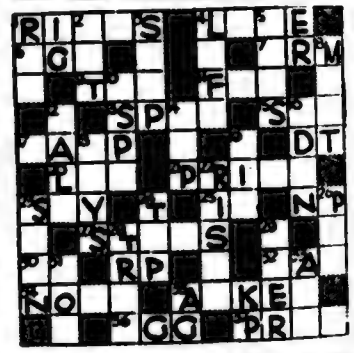
The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square on left.

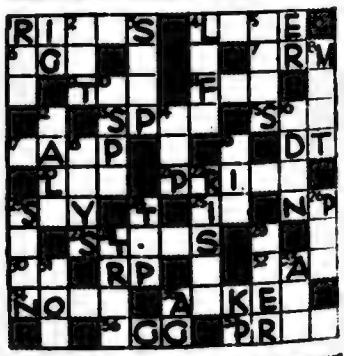
One space is left blank to indicate that at this point BETS and PETS were regarded as apt words of equal merit.

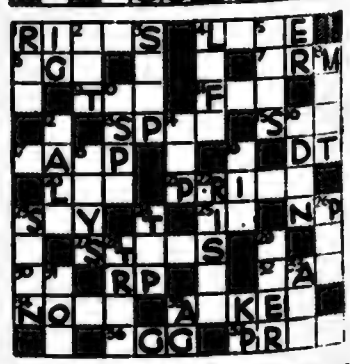
Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which can be obtained by using coupon below.

COPY SQUARES ONLY









READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it '& Co.'; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, February 12, 1938.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull," each entrant may submit SIX EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 8 Entry Forms (16 squares in all) and Entry-fee of 4s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, February 24. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, March 1, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should the First Prize be shared £750 Cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS ON PAGE 25.

✦ Special Invitation ✦ TO NEW READERS

May we send you a complimentary copy of "John Bull's" weekly "Crossword Gazette," the best possible aid to success? Post this coupon in halfpenny stamped envelope to "Bulletin" Dept., 36, Bedford Street, W.C.2 (OR ENCLOSE WITH "CROSSWORD" ENTRY).

You must affix 1d. stamp here.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Please use block letters.

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 95, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Workmen cleaning the propellers of the "Queen Mary" in the dry dock at Southampton

'Queen Mary's' £32,000 Spring-Clean

YOU know the cost and trouble of Spring-cleaning — that grim period of the year which will be here again soon? The house is turned upside down for the overhaul. You discover all kinds of unexpected things that simply must be renewed, curtains, carpets, rugs, utensils, odd pieces of furniture.

For a week your house is reduced to chaos, to emerge at the end brighter and better than ever it looked before.

But how would you like to embark on the task of Spring-cleaning a floating palace, with accommodation for 3,200 people; a palace that cost between five and six million pounds?

What would you say if you were suddenly confronted with a matter of six miles of carpet to clean; 10,000 sheets to mend or renew? Instead of buying a pound or so of paint to freshen up the appearance of the garage, to have to buy eight tons in order to paint an area of twenty acres.

This is what has happened to the giant liner *Queen Mary*. She has just emerged from the greatest Spring-cleaning in all history, an overhaul that has taken five weeks and which has cost £32,000.

EVER since she has been in commission on the North Atlantic the *Queen Mary* has maintained record after record. It is true she lost the mythical "Blue Riband" of the Atlantic for speed to her big French rival, the *Normandie*. But that event was of small importance by comparison with the record number of passengers she transported in the course of Coronation Year.

She carried an average of 1,454 passengers on a greater number of crossings of the Atlantic ever attempted before by any ship in a single year.

Two days only allowed in harbour both in New York and Southampton. To use a nautical phrase, the great ship is "turned round" in forty-eight hours, refuelled, re-equipped and re-victualled.

Although she is thoroughly inspected at the conclusion of each round trip, and defects made good wherever possible, there are certain things which have to wait until the ship is docked for a longer period.

Thus it happened some five weeks ago, after a year of constant service, the crew of 1,200 was paid off. Some of them were glad of the break in order to visit the homes they had not seen for a twelve-month. That gives you an idea of the pressure at which the world's most famous liner had been working.

First step in the overhaul was the difficult operation of manœuvring the 75,000-ton liner into the King George V graving dock at Southampton—the only dock in this country large enough to hold her.

Rent of the dock and the costs of moving the ship accounted for a matter of £10,000.

With the ship in position, the water was pumped out until the keel came to rest on a row of immense blocks and the hull was kept upright by means of enormous supports. When the *Queen Mary* was finally high and dry, she towered above the adjacent town of Southampton, making the sheds on the wharves look like a series of dolls' houses.

The height from keel to top of mainmast was higher than the ball and cross of St. Paul's Cathedral.

It was necessary to scrape every inch of the hull, which measures 1,108 ft. in length over all. This was still covered with remains of the protective paint used, when the ship lay for years a great derelict in John Brown's yard on Clydebank, entered in the firm's books as plain "Number 534."

This congealed mass of paint had to be removed from 100,000 sq. ft. of steel plates. After that six tons of anti-corrosive and anti-fouling composition were applied.

Then came the turn of the funnels, masts and superstructure, an operation requiring eight tons of superfine paint and enamel.

Her four propellers, each weighing 35 tons, were removed, together with tail shafts, for cleaning and adjustment. The twenty-four big lifeboats were taken down from the davits and reconditioned, being thoroughly tested in a neighbouring basin before being hoisted on board again.

Anchors, chains, cables and winches were all overhauled.

MEANWHILE, engineers, deep in the bowels of the ship, were looking to the turbines and the machines supplying cold storage, ventilation and heating to the liner. The furnaces had to be cleared.

At one time there were 1,300 workers of all trades engaged on the big Spring-cleaning task—carpenters, caulkers, boilermakers, electricians, cabinet-makers, upholsterers, polishers, shipwrights, plumbers and charwomen.

Six miles of carpets were taken up and carried to a cleaning establishment on shore.

More than 400 miles of electric wires, which serve the 30,000 lights on board, were checked.

Every cabin was stripped of its curtains and hangings. The walls of each were repainted. The same applied to the series of ship's shops which make up a small street on one of the upper decks.

In the kitchen every pan had to be cleaned. And on the *Queen Mary* the kitchen is pretty extensive. After all, the cooks can fry 4,500 eggs at the same time and prepare 13,500 meals in the course of a single day at sea.

A number of clock repairers worked for days regulating the 596 timepieces.

Then, everything had to be put back in position once more—furniture weighing 50 tons was just one item.

Each deck was scrubbed. And there are two acres of space reserved for recreation alone. One deck is nearly more than twice as long as the façade of Buckingham Palace.

NOW the job is finished, and the *Queen Mary* has sailed away to New York once again, a splendid picture of smartness and efficiency.

King George once described her as the "stateliest ship now in being, alive with beauty, energy and strength."

She is more beautiful than ever, and even more comfortable.

You and a companion can sail in her to New York and back as the guests of JOHN BULL. That is the offer we are making to the winner of the big "Bullets" first prize now waiting to be won and about which you will find details on page 39.

Attack by Burglars

ONE of our readers, living alone with his wife in a seaside town in Lancashire, heard a noise at the back of the house.

A queer noise, as though someone was filing the lock on the door.

He went to investigate and found two men trying to break in. They immediately attacked him on the spot, one savagely assaulting him with a chisel on his wrist and also inflicting severe wounds on the face.

The other confederate struck him with a wooden staple, causing concussion and leaving him unconscious. Both ran away.

The result was that our reader was severely hurt.

There is a clause in JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance Scheme which provides for injury by burglars as one of its benefits.

The victim of this cruel assault was registered with us, like all other wise readers, and without delay he was made the recipient of a useful cheque.

Writing in acknowledgment, he says, "Thank you for the cheque. I can assure you we are very thankful for it, as it has been a great expense. My head is still very bad at times."

JOHN BULL is the only newspaper in the world to safeguard its readers against fire, storm, flood, and sickness, as well as providing numerous Accident benefits, including injury by burglars.

Have you protected yourself and your loved ones?

It is the work of a moment. Sign the coupon at once which you will find on page 2.

MOTHER! FIGHT CHILD'S COLDS

How many mothers are aware that children's colds, coughs and snuffles are mostly caused by constipation? How many mothers know for certain whether their children are constipated or not?

Kiddies are at school and out at play. You can't keep your eye on them all the time. So when they come home sneezing, coughing, snuffling, you can be sure their bowels have not been emptied daily and completely. They are clogged with poisonous waste which acts as an ideal breeding ground for germs.

Go out and buy a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' and give a dose at once. Repeat it nightly till the bowels are cleansed and acting properly. Armies of germs are cleared out and head colds and chest colds vanish like magic. Then give a dose weekly to keep the bowels free and regular. Cold germs won't have a chance.

Your kiddies will look and feel as fit as fiddles. And how they will love the delicious fruity flavour! For 'California Syrup of Figs' is a natural fruit laxative, not like nasty opening medicines that have to be disguised in something nice before a child can be coaxed to take them.

Doctors recommend 'California Syrup of Figs' because it is absolutely safe.

Get a bottle of this ideal laxative from your chemist to-day. Be sure it is 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. 1/3 and 2/6 a bottle. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run.

PILES RELIEVED Instantly

. . . . "*I was advised to try 'Nemolin' and I can truthfully say that I got instant relief and have never again had the least bit of the awful irritation I suffered before.*" *J.O., Burley in Wharfedale.*

Packed in handy and hygienic tube, 'Nemolin' Ointment is always sold under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Price 3/- of all chemists.

Children's COUGHS

Clinic Doctor always uses 'Pineate'

When a *doctor* prescribes a remedy, you *know* it's good, don't you? Well, here's what Dr. A. F., physician at a large London clinic writes: "I feel I must write again regarding the continued good results I am obtaining with 'Pineate.' Hardly a day goes by without my recommending it for some child."

There's simply nothing to touch 'Pineate' for children's coughs and bronchial troubles. One dose never fails to stop a cough—you can literally *feel* it doing you good. Get a 1/6 bottle from your chemist before that cough develops into something more serious.

'Pineate' Brand HONEY Regd **COUGH-SYRUP**

ACID STOMACH ENDED AT LAST!

Instant Relief from Indigestion, Wind, Heartburn, Headaches, Colds, Neuralgia

Most of us suffer from Acid Stomach. When we eat too much acid-producing food, as we all do, the food ferments. Then we get Indigestion, Wind, Heartburn, Pain after Eating, Sour Stomach.

There's only one way really to relieve Indigestion, only one way to prevent it—counteract that excess acidity. And now there's a certain, safe and pleasant way to do it—'Alka-Seltzer'.

Drop an 'Alka-Seltzer' Tablet in half a glass of water. It makes a pleasant, refreshing sparkling drink that will bring you instant relief. It breaks the wind, stops the pain and discomfort, and lays the basis for a permanent end of your trouble.

If you have a Headache from sickness or worry or over-indulgence, 'Alka-Seltzer' will stop it at once. If you have a Cold, Neuralgia or Rheumatic Pains, 'Alka-Seltzer' will help you to get rid of them.

Don't confuse 'Alka-Seltzer' with salts or morning medicines. It is not a laxative.

Ask your chemist for 'Alka-Seltzer' Brand Tablets. (The 2/- size contains 2½ times the 1/-.) If you aren't more than satisfied with your first bottle, he will refund your money.

Tickling Throats

Relieved quickly and pleasantly with . . .

VICK BRAND LOZENGES

6d

DO GOOD TASTE GOOD

The Best Remedy for RHEUMATISM

It has always been the custom, and always will be, when one rheumatic sufferer meets another, to pass on any recommendation that will lead to the disappearance of the awful pain that victims of rheumatism alone can understand.

For months now the recommendation that has passed from lip to lip has always been the same—Fynnon Salt, Nature's Salt of the Earth, for Rheumatism, Rheumatoid Arthritis, Sciatica and kindred ills.

Fynnon Salt reproduces the medicinal benefit of the precious Spa mineral waters that have gained world-fame for their curative and cleansing properties. There is nothing like them for reducing the accumulation of acid deposits in the liver and kidneys, reducing fatty formations, and giving the various organs more play to carry out their important functions.

One teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a glassful of water is as good for rheumatism as three glasses of Mineral Spring Water. Think what this means to you—Spa treatment in your own home for a mere trifle. If you suffer from Rheumatism, go to your chemist for a 1/3 tin of Fynnon Salt. Take a dose every day and in a very short time you will be enjoying lighthearted good health in a way you have not done for many a long day.

PILES!

Man Zan stops the irritation, soothes and heals internal, external blind or bleeding piles. A large tube, with special nozzle applicator, which makes this wonderful preparation easy to apply, costs but 3/-. Your chemist will tell you how good it is. Don't suffer in silence longer. Ask him about

Man Zan

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end Constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.

KIDNEY TROUBLE

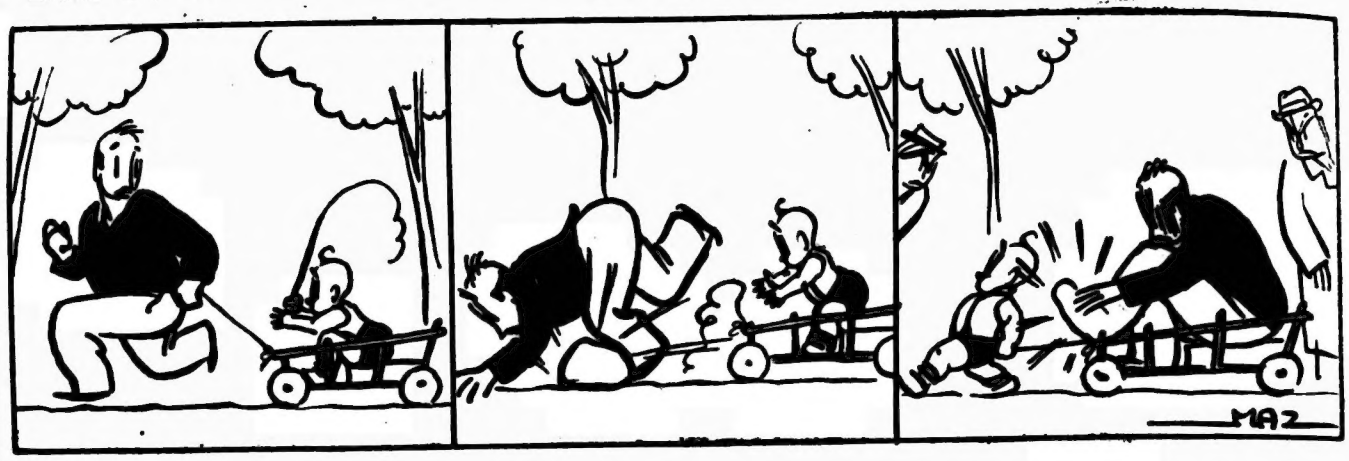
If you suffer from this distressing complaint, take Vitadatio, the safe herbal remedy. Wonderful tributes regularly received. Mr. S. Parkstone, Dorset, writes:—

"I had fluid in my legs and thighs as a result of Kidney trouble. After taking three bottles of Vitadatio I began to walk about again, and now, after persevering with it, there is no sign of fluid about me. My skin is clear, I can eat anything. It is really a miracle."

If you are a sufferer do not give up hope. Cases pronounced hopeless have yielded to Vitadatio. For Kidney, Liver, Stomach and Blood troubles Vitadatio stands alone. Get a bottle to-day. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or direct, per post (6d. extra in U.K.)

From VITADATIO, ARMLEY, LEEDS. **Write for FREE BOOK** [21]

Dad's . . . Quick Trip by Maz



THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

ALICE (Walton).—"When I am married I want two maids." You'll probably have many more—but not all at once.

B. D. (Sidcup).—"I took off my coat to the job and showed them all something." Your waistcoat?

R. P. (Romford).—"What do you think of the man who smokes one cigar on top of another?" That he is a clever juggler.

MAISIE (Tooting).—"The girl next door has had the shape of her nose altered." To put yours out of joint?

S. C. (Weybridge).—"My wife ran the car into a fence, but only knocked a bit of paint off." The fence or herself?

G. M. (Yarmouth).—"I have thrown my mother's favourite nephew out of the house on two occasions." A cousin twice removed, as it were.

B. M. (Epsom).—"Would you like me to give you the Grand National winner?" No, thanks; we haven't a stable to keep it in.

G. M. (Leigh).—"Some gardening experts advise digging the vegetable plot now, but where does it get you?" In the small of the back, generally.

H. C. (Croydon).—"He likes me to think he is a good judge of music, and whenever I call at his house he starts up his gramophone." He puts on airs.

B. Y. (Plymouth).—"I am now too old for the football team, but like to have a chat with my old team mates when they are playing a match." Keeping in touch.

ETHEL (Leeds).—"I feel sure that I got the position because I looked cheerful at the interview." You had an engaging smile, eh?

I. W. (Swansea).—"My lantern went out while I was developing my film, so I don't know what happened." You are still in the dark.

R. G. B. (Egham).—"Nowadays there is no need for any man to work until he is black in the face." What about a chimney sweep?

D. D. (Glasgow).—"I have just completed the plans of an absolutely foolproof lift." And now you are waiting for somebody to be taken up with the idea?

B. F. (Esher).—"Can you imagine how I felt when the ice gave way and I had to scramble out of the pond the best way I could?" Yes—wet.

TRAPEZE (Chelsea).—"I used to turn one somersault in the air from a trapeze, but now I do two." You have doubled your turnover.

MRS. M. (Nuneaton).—"My husband used to be a cowboy, but now there is nothing he likes better than cooking." He's at home on the range.

Y. H. (Bristol).—"In one circus I was connected with, an elephant swallowed two hammers and then knocked its trainer over." It downed tools and struck.

MRS. B. (Shrewsbury).—"My neighbour has made up her mind that she will beat me in the final of the knitting competition, and I am equally determined that I shall win." A needle match.

DON (Coventry).—"Although the college has produced many celebrities, the number would be even greater but for the unnecessary expulsion of several students from time to time." It's turned out some good men.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

"Bullets" Illustrated.—Henpeck's Blunder—"Duckie"—Instead of Ducking!

"My husband wants another tin to match these stains!"
(from "The Passing Show")

D. C. (Sutton).—"I outdistanced the ghost, which was chasing me along a moonlit road." It gave you a start.

E. C. (Ealing).—"Speed cops continue to be busy seeing that people keep under thirty." So do beauty specialists.

L. F. (Bexley).—"Somebody palmed off a bad florin on me yesterday." An underhand trick.

MISS S. (Malton).—"I sent him a very strong letter, marking the envelope 'Personal.'" You wanted his wife to open it?

F. C. (Margate).—"The burglars who were found in the outfitting store were well dressed and very polite." Did they lift their hats?

S. P. (Oakham).—"There's been only one infectious illness reported in our district for years." An isolated case, as it were.

R. N. (Burnley).—"He's making plenty of money with his new scheme for curing obesity." Living on the fat of the land, eh?

E. R. (Lampeter).—"After many experiments I have come to the definite conclusion that mine is the strongest glue it is possible to make." You can't get away from it.

MRS. N. T. (Millwall).—"I've been worried where I could put two tons of coal delivered yesterday, but now I've found that some obliging person has dumped it all in the woodshed." So that's a load off your mind.

S. B. (Ripon).—"He takes his troubles like a man." You mean he blames his wife.

COLLIER (Abertillery).—"He thinks he would lose his dignity if he went down the pit." It's beneath him.

A. P. (Douglas).—"My Manx cat fights and beats all the dogs in the neighbourhood." Well, it could hardly turn tail.

FRED (Plymouth).—"I, for one, wouldn't be annoyed if barbers went on strike." We'd keep our hair on, too.

N. C. (Bath).—"Every night I go to sleep smoking, and burn the counterpane. What is the remedy?" Take off the counterpane.

D. B. (Longton).—"My friend's daughter is a good fellow among men. She's a real live wire." And doesn't care whom she shocks?

MRS. M. N. (Harrogate).—"It's really most strange how fascinated she is by this crystal-gazing business." You don't know what she can see in it.

SCIENTIST (Kensington). — "There are marine monsters nobody has ever heard of." Then how on earth have you managed to hear of them?

D. G. (Southend).—"Nowadays nobody believes in the old adage that two heads are better than one." What about hairdressers?

F. N. (Ramsgate).—"When I was in Jamaica, an earthquake occurred a few minutes before a dance was due to start." It set the ball rolling.

J. M. (Holborn).—"Our late accountant made several false entries very cleverly, but I now have sufficient evidence to have him arrested." He cooked the books and you've cooked his goose.

J. P. K. (Swindon).—"I'd feel quite well off with £50 to spare." Win that £3[illegible] offered on the opposite page and you'd feel like a millionaire—off to New York with a companion, as JOHN BULL's guests.

MRS. P. (Bradford).—"I asked my husband to go to the shop and bring back the thread with him at once, but he did not return for two hours." With the wrong yarn?

MAID (Bristol).—"I was afraid it would take me quite a while cleaning the tables and chairs, which had become covered with stains during my absence, but I had finished in twenty minutes." You soon polished them off.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the prize.

THE BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—". . . they have been putting up remarkable performances, winning TEN out of NINE matches played."

CORNISH POST AND MINING NEWS:—"As a result, they appeared before the Bench on Monday, and pleaded guilty. One was KILLED, and the other bound over."

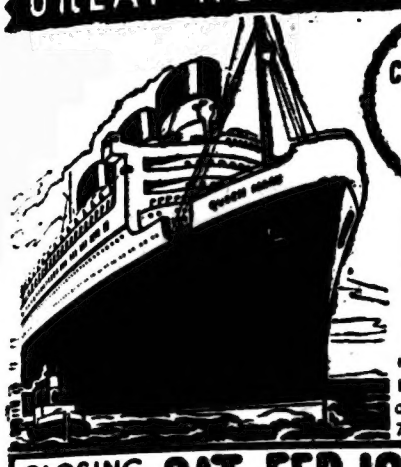
KENTISH MERCURY:—". . . anxious to buy small lots, single houses, or pairs showing UNREASONABLE returns."

OLDHAM EVENING CHRONICLE:—". . . not so loud as normal, but sufficient in some cases to WEAKEN sleepers."

EVENING ADVERTISER:—"When well mixed, add the flour and AMMONIA previously sifted together."

THE YORKSHIRE EVENING POST:—"In IMPROVING a fine of £5, Mr. H. M—— told B—— she deserved to be sent to prison."

GREAT NEW ONE-WEEK QUEEN MARY OFFER with EXTRA CASH PRIZES!



"BULLETS" CASH-PLUS-TRAVEL FIRST PRIZE

£300 cash and TRIP TO NEW YORK FOR TWO IN RMS QUEEN MARY

Luxurious 12-day Tour from Southampton, in world's finest liner, with Hotel accommodation and New York sightseeing all at "John Bull's" expense.

(IF PREFERRED, COMPLETE SUITE OF FURNITURE FOR WINNER'S HOME, VALUE UP TO £100)

£50	£25	£20	£15	£10	£9.10	£9	£8.10
£3	25 of £1	25 of 15/-	50 of 10/-	100 of 5/-	500 of 2/6		

CLOSING POSTMARK SAT. FEB. 12 — 6000 NEW MYSTERY PRIZES — £175 OFFER

WHO WANTS THIS £300 AND 6,000-MILE HOLIDAY TRIP?

PICTURE yourself, as the £300 First Prize-winner in this week's fine *Bullets* Offer, setting out with a companion to celebrate your success with the most luxurious and exciting holiday of your lives!

After travelling first-class to Southampton, you would soon be making yourselves at home in the giant R.M.S. *Queen Mary*, the lovely luxury liner in which you will travel to New York and back as JOHN BULL'S millionaire guests.

On arrival in New York you would stay at a first-class hotel, within easy reach of Broadway. A breath-taking stay in the New World and then all aboard for the *Queen Mary*, the broad Atlantic and home!

This is a one-week Contest and all the *Bullets* for its 6,720 prizes must be entered within the next few days.

Opposite you will find an absorbing account of the mighty Spring-cleaning from which the *Queen Mary* has emerged as spotless as before her maiden voyage. Enjoy this and then settle down to the *Examples* as soon as you have read through the simple instructions below, and on Friday, February 25, a gay "Greetings" telegram may well bring you JOHN BULL'S invitation to celebrate your £300 success by sailing in the Mistress of the Seas!

"BULLETS" 1,103 RESULT

First Prize £500 Cash:

H. WILSON, 21, Summerfield Road W., Todmorden.

Example: ON WENT THE CAR, BUT
Bullet: DRIVER "REVISITS" SCENE NIGHTLY.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE £50:

A. M. CASELY, 13, Dunrobin Place, Edinburgh.
Example: Yawning
Bullet: Cradle, Completes Their Boredom.

THIRD PRIZE £25:

W. ROSE, 63, Auckland Road, Upper Norwood.
Example: Mussolini's Game
Bullet: "Gumming Up" Our Arabic.

OTHER PRIZES:

£10: Miss J. L. KNIPE, Sand Hill, Thorne.
Yawning — Grandpa's "Cavern" — One "Stalactite"!

£9 10s.: E. W. GRAY, Westhaven, Polseath, Wadebridge.
He Broke His Word And—Enlisted—Saw Babies Bombed.

£9: W. WHITAKER, 65, Conway Road, Treorchy.
Yesterday—Time's "Prisoner"—"Capture" To-day!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£8 10s.: A. HARDY, 1, Lancaster Avenue, Darwen
Politics To The Backbone—But Hunger Sapping "Marrow."

£8: V. H. MOULDING, 45, Sylvan Way, Bristol.
Dark Days—Gone By—Going Buying.

£7 10s.: Mrs. McCORMACK, 3, Croft Street, Galashiels.
Backward Child—Couldn't Write *Slum* Address.

£7: Mrs. E. BUNDY, 117, Movers Lane, Barking.
In The Doctor's Hands—"Overhauled," Then New "Brakes."

£6 10s.: Mrs. NIELD, 18, Smallbrook, Shaw, near Oldham.
Yawning—Empty Years—She's "Tight-lipped."

£6: W. DAWSON, 10, Grimeford Lane, Anderton, Lancs.
Dark Days—Help Pessimism's "Fungus Growth."

£5 10s.: E. HORNSHAW, 82, Woodland Hill, Halton, Leeds.
Dark Days—We Knew—We *Rescue*.

PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

W. J. CAREY, 8c, Upper Park Road, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
On Went The Car, But — King's Smile "Lingered On."

L. DAWSON, 3, Hurstwood Road, London, N.W.
Lost His Balance—"Slump" In *Arm-chair* Responsible.

M. THOMSON, 32, Childwall Priory Road, Liverpool.
When Dad Volunteered—Examination Made *Doctor* Cough!

FIVE OF £2 10s. EACH:

F. C. CHARD, 3, Burley Grove, Bristol.
Cross Wicked — Henpeck — *Bruise* Tilting Bowler!

W. HINTON, 84, High Street, Lochee, Dundee.
Trodden On — Sonny's Foot — *Prevented* "Squealing."

R. L. INESON, 5, Pineleigh Court, Slough.
Daren't Say A Word—Wed, I Dare Say!

H. TOMKINSON, 32, Market Street, Crewe.
Yawning—Any Fish *Father* Hooks.

J. E. WARD, "Westby House," Alderley Edge, Ches.
In Dreamland—Burglar Put Dad *Again!*

Each of the above winners who qualified in accordance with the conditions announced in connection with Competition No. 1,103 will also receive a 25-guinea Radiogram.

A list of 50 10s. and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

THE WAY TO WIN

SELECT a few *Examples* and write them down, together with all the ideas they suggest. There is your raw material and, since a *Bullet* should consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to the chosen *Example*, you must compress and improve your rough notes.

Suppose, for instance, that against the *Example*, NOTHING TO SPARE, you had scribbled *Financially, But Works Unceasingly—Average Clergyman*. From this you could, after a few moments' thought, easily produce the typical *Bullet*, NOTHING TO SPARE—BUT LIFETIME'S DEVOTION—PARSON.

Before commencing to make up your own efforts, study the good points of the leading *Bullets* in our 1,103rd Contest which appear on this page. Notice how each effort fits its *Example* and expresses its meaning clearly in simple words.

Then start on your *Bullets* without delay, for they must be posted on or before Saturday, February 12.

Special Invitation ★ TO NEW READERS

★ **Send this Coupon**

May we send you a complimentary copy of JOHN BULL'S weekly *Bullets Bulletin*, the best possible aid to success? Post this coupon in halfpenny stamped envelope to *Bulletin* Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, (OR ENCLOSE WITH "BULLETS" ENTRY).

You must affix ½d. stamp here

PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS

NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

If you wish to use Advertiser's coupon on back, apply for *Bullets Bulletin* on plain paper, enclosing ½d. stamp.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE"

IN BRITAIN TO-DAY	FLOODED	OUT PEEPED A CROCUS AND
WHAT PROGRESS MEANS	IDLE ACRES	WE HATE BULLIES, SO
WORLD'S POLICEMAN	ABROAD	HE MAY BE A FAILURE, BUT
WHAT WE MAKE	ON ONE SIDE	WHAT THE STRAP-HANGER SAID
AT THE NEXT ELECTION	ARRESTED	WHATEVER HAPPENS
FOG OF IGNORANCE	ONLY A FEW	SEEING DAYLIGHT
LISTENING TO THE RADIO	CALLING	LAW OF NATURE
KEEPS MOTHER UP	NEW LIFE	LEFT TO THE POOR
WHITE MAN'S BURDEN	FOR CHARITY	AT THE PROFESSOR'S WEDDING
SHOCK FOR UNCLE SAM	TRANSPARENT	OFFICE MUSSOLINI
NOTHING TO SPARE	HARD TO SAY	DE VALERA WANTS
CHOPPING AND CHANGING	HUBBY'S HOBBY	WHEN THE DEVIL DRIVES

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,107) Closing postmark SAT., Feb. 12. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,107) Closing postmark SAT., Feb. 12. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 12.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,107) Closing postmark SAT., Feb. 12. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,707) Closing postmark SAT., Feb. 12. | P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. | Signed ..... Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,102 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. R. and J. Black, Dawley Road, Hayes, Middlesex.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,107 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,107, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Oh, My Poor Legs!

"For years it was misery for me to walk; my legs and insteps would swell, and the pain was awful! Finally an ulcer broke out on my ankle, and I could not walk or stand except for a few minutes at a time. Then my son advised me to try Elasto, and after using your remedy I am happy to say I am completely cured and can now walk for miles. I cannot praise Elasto enough, as I thought I would never walk again. Your remedy is truly wonderful." *Mrs. L——, S——.*

I Simply Must Sit Down

That Awful Fatigue! Do You Know it? That Agonising Pain! Have You Suffered it?

DON'T let leg troubles cripple you. Take Elasto, the Great New Biological Remedy *that cures through the blood*, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense. Leg aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto; *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food!

Elasto is something new to curative science, it dispenses entirely with the use of drugs; it is based on the knowledge that varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, piles, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—*are deficiency diseases*; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain *vital constituents of the blood*. Owing to this lack the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition and a state of flabbiness results. Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation: *the real basis of sound health.*

Every sufferer should test this wonderful Biological Remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; stimulating the growth of new healthy tissue-cells to replace worn-out and diseased tissues, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own powers of healing. Prepared in small delicate tablets, by a special process, Elasto dissolves *instantly* on the tongue, and is absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! It is not a drug, but a vital cell food, which *must* be present in the blood to ensure complete health. That explains why Elasto succeeds where ordinary treatments have failed. It also explains why Elasto gives results for a few shillings where formerly pounds have been spent to no purpose. Nothing even remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before. It is the pleasantest, the cheapest, and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Read What Other Users of Elasto Say—

"No sign of varicose veins now."
"Elasto put new life into me."
"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
"Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years."
"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."
"Now walk long distances with ease."
"Elasto has cured my bad legs."
"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
"Now free from piles."
"I feel 10 years younger."
"It put me on my feet."
"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
"All signs of phlebitis gone."
"Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
"I am now free from pain."
"Elasto tones up the system and cures depression."
"My skin is as soft as velvet."
"Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better."
"I had suffered for years with a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
"Lumbago cured after 3 years of suffering. Age 66."
"Elasto has saved me pounds."
"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit."
"The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg are quite gone and my general health is much improved."
Etc. etc.

The Wonder Tablet

For All Readers of "John Bull"

FREE

A Generous Sample of These Wonder Tablets

SIMPLY fill in the Coupon for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto Blood Remedy makes!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15.H),
Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

JOHN BULL COUPON

for Trial Sample of Elasto ★
The Great Blood Revitaliser.

ELASTO (Dept. 15.H), Cecil House,
Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

NAME .....
(Please Print in Capital Letters).

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

"John Bull," 5/2/38.

Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds!

J.B.L.5

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